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# The Grail

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## THE GRAIL

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## Our Family Rosary

Dedicated to the Home-Makers of America

Our children cover the parlor  
And scatter their toys on the floor,  
Playing their games of fancy  
From the front to the kitchen door.

Our children gather around us;  
Beloved be each name,  
Children of manifold beauty,  
Though never a child the same.

Wistful, tender, disarming,  
Bold, or bashful and coy,  
They cluster devotedly 'round us  
And fill our hearts with joy.

Within the walls of our homestead  
United heart to heart,  
Father and mother and children  
Live in a world apart.

Joyful the sight of our children  
Encircling my husband and me,  
Linked with love to each other  
Like a family rosary.

The fleeting thrills of the worldling,  
And the sterile joys of his wife  
Can never equal the rapture  
That blesses our family life.

*Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.*



# BETWEEN THE LINES

with

*H. C. McGinnis*

## *Education Moves Ahead*

**R**ECENTLY education has taken some very wise and worthwhile steps. Although schools date back thousands of years, it has been only in the last few years that educators in general have realized that education is the fitting of the individual to successfully cope with life as he individually finds it and that it is not the business of cramming into every Tom, Dick, and Harry a training required only by students preparing for the professions. Obviously this fault lies in the high schools, for elementary schools have little choice but to teach the fundamentals, regardless of the pupils' future intentions. Although many high schools now have commercial courses, these departments take care of only a percentage of those not expecting to enter college. In the larger centers of population there are industrial high schools catering to the needs of those expecting to enter mechanical phases of industrial arts courses for boys and training in home economics for girls have been or are being instituted. But, despite this latitude in choice, the general tendency in the high school curriculum is still to assume that a college preparatory course is paramount, even though fewer than twenty percent of the graduates ever get to college. But even the most modern schools often fail in education's prime essential—the fitting of the individual to adjust himself to life.

Realizing this, progressive educators in Pennsylvania have taken a most revolutionary step. From July 1 to August 9, a seminar was conducted, basing its studies on the idea that since four out of every five students end their formal education in high school, they need more definite training in home-making, family relationships, and personal adjustments to life in general. These things, these pioneers hold, are more

essential to the majority of students than a knowledge of classical literature or of higher mathematical systems. To help humanize education, industrial personnel directors, labor leaders, and others connected with job placement and human relations were invited as consultants.

That something is radically wrong with our high schools is set forth in a booklet recently mailed to all high school principals in the country by the American Council on Education. This booklet contains the report of an exhaustive study made of high school procedure and its results by a special committee headed by Dr. Ben G. Graham and including among its able members Francis T. Spaulding, Professor of Education at Harvard, and Ralph W. Tyler, chairman of the Department of Education, University of Chicago. This report, which is a serious indictment of American high school methods, states, among other things, that the present system is honeycombed with "vicious" courses and that many pupils prefer to give up their education altogether rather than take them. It found the average textbook filled with dry facts utterly inapplicable to present day conditions and requirements; that the average science course means nothing practical; and that history classes lack instruction in democratic ideals and the workings of democracies.

Undoubtedly the most interesting step in the humanizing of education is the educating of the mentally retarded. This training is a step in real democracy. Prior to fifty years ago, democracy in education was the offering to everybody a standardized education, regardless of the individual's ability to profit from it. That many were prevented by causes incidental to birth and heredity from getting any benefit did not seem to be considered an injustice and our citizens accepted with righteous smugness what they termed the unavailability of this extravagant

waste of human material. But here and there progressive educators felt that, in a democracy, every child has the right to succeed, even though he may not be born with the capacity to compete with those more fortunate. Experimental classes were opened which, admitting the inadequacy of the standard curriculum to meet the needs of pupils sub-standard mentally, sought to give instruction which might fit the students to later become economically independent.

These pioneer classes weren't howling successes, mainly because their teachers had no previous experience. To begin with, they undertook to handle all kinds of mental mis-fits and this increased the spirit of defeatism among the less retarded—the very antithesis of the purpose of special education which seeks to decrease the pupil's defeatism by removing him from the discouragement of normal competition. However, these educational pioneers stuck to their guns, insisting there must be some answer to the problem of training the individual who does not meet a rule of the thumb in educational requirements, but who, nevertheless, should have the privilege of living happily and usefully.

The present method takes the bookishness out of book learning yet gives a necessary education in fundamentals. Except in advanced classes, textbooks are seldom used; the pupil may be given a mail order catalog instead. His interest is gained by having him pick out articles he would like to have. Education becomes a game in which the pupil learns to write a simple letter to order his selections and that takes care of the writing lesson. He finds out how much money he should send and that's the arithmetic. His interest in reading the descriptions of various articles is encouraged and he learns to read. Then comes the geography lesson. On a map he traces the route his merchandise would take in reaching him and the



teacher adds interesting information about the places covered. He also learns a bit about transportation, money orders, and simple business transactions. Through what appears to be ordinary conversation, the instructor gets in the history of the geographical locations discussed. Then the pupil is encouraged to talk over his transactions with his fellow pupils and that gives an interchange of information and he learns the lessons of the others. Before he knows it, the backward child has received the education he fought against so stubbornly.

As they become older, the pupils are taught various forms of manual work. This is most important, for obviously these children will never be brain-workers. Great care is used in selecting the manual activities best suited to the individual's capacity, for the purpose is to make him capable of earning his own living.

These special classes do not claim to do the impossible, but it is surprising how many special students can enter standard classes after a period of specialized training; and in such cases, the transferred students usually conform to the standard class average. In many other cases the students are simply not the bookish type and would suffer if forced to compete with other students in a standard curriculum, yet they respond readily to various manual instructions and specialized training. This response is mainly because these special programs are child-conscious rather than subject-matter-conscious, the teachers being trained to create an educational democracy between themselves and their classes instead of establishing themselves as educational dictators—something often done in regular classes to the detriment of the students. This democratic attitude, plus a studied individualizing of all class work, assures these classes considerable success.

This program is still rather limited, but is gradually gaining as the public becomes more and more aware of the enormous returns possible to society through the elimination of what have always been considered inevitable liabilities. Since the current year's activities in education

point to an awareness of the need for humanizing our school procedure, it can be hoped that specialized classes will soon become a part of every school curriculum. When that is done, civilization will have made an important stride in the right direction.

#### To Him Who Waits

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, for Time is the answer to many puzzles. Finally, after many years, we have learned what the "100% Americanism" of the Ku Klux Klan means. A few years ago, thousands of honest but gullible citizens were deluded into scampering around on midnight missions, clad in nightshirts, bedsheets, and other bedroom paraphernalia which evidently signified a state of not being fully awake to what they were doing. Muffled from head to foot, they performed weird incantations and burned fiery crosses to defend their country against mysterious and vicious enemies seeking to tear it down until not one stone should rest upon another. These enemies, the Klan announced, were Catholics, Jews, and Negroes.

Playing lustily upon the chords of intolerance and prejudice, they launched a campaign of lawlessness and racial and religious prejudice which threatened to split the unity of this nation into atoms. In many places elections were nothing more than Klan and anti-Klan battles. For a while it looked as if Americanism would be smothered in the dust of intolerance when many of the Nightshirt Brigadiers were placed in the nation's highest offices. Through it all the Klan kept the nation's thinking people mystified by their definition of "100% American," for sane Americans couldn't see why Catholics, Jews, and Negroes were automatically traitors to their native land; and since after due and just consideration of the Klan's doctrine they failed to make head or tail of it, they squelched the movement.

Again, after many years of comparative quietness, a rejuvenated Klan comes to public notice. This time the Klan has discarded, by official request, the pillow-cases worn over their heads, but they still re-

tain their nightshirts; although it is rumored that, in streamlining their organization, there is a tendency to pajamas. Nevertheless, in America's time of need, the Klan is on the job again and this time it teaches Americans who haven't been taking their patriotism too seriously just what real "100% Americanism" is.

The Klan's definition was rendered a few days ago in Andover, New Jersey, when more than a thousand Klansmen and German-American Bund members "konklaved" at Camp Norland, the New Jersey roosting place of the Klan, for what newspapers termed a "wedding" of the two organizations. Thus, when Americans are searching diligently for the purest definition of Americanism, the Klan supplies one; for its definition of "100% Americanism" is, paradoxical as it sounds, "anti-Americanism!"

There is nothing really strange about this. Like causes produce like results and there is a great similarity in the brands of hatred, bigotry and intolerance practiced by the Nazis and the Klan. Both organizations go in for midnight forays ending in floggings and persecutions of the weak and helpless.

The Klan by this "wedding" with the Nazis allies itself with the Communists. The Nazis and Communists, professedly hating each other, found their basic principles too nearly alike to remain apart and so came into the open and joined hands. Since birds of a feather flock together, the Klan felt the magnetic pull of their bigoted and intolerant brothers and joined the mystic circle. Since the Nazis and Reds stand for the antithesis of Americanism, any organization allying itself with them must also be un-American. Americanism is the world's greatest bulwark of human freedom: the rocks upon which America is built are the rocks of religious freedom and civil liberty and no organization which seeks to destroy them is American in any sense of the word. The Klan's Imperial Whoofenpoof in Atlanta has repudiated New Jersey's Grand Pooh-bah; but a rotten egg by any other name smells the same.



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# Our Catholic Schools Defend America

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

**A**T THIS moment the United States is threatened by enemies without, and by enemies within. The worst enemy within is not Communism, which fosters class hatred; it is not the fifth columnist, who waves the flag like a patriot and plots the overthrow of our Constitution; it is not bigotry and "No Popery" fanned into a flame by that un-American prince of mountebanks, Judge Rutherford, and his Witnesses of Jehovah. It is not even gangsterism, which crowds our jails and occupies an army of federal police and detectives. Rather it is the cause and root of all these things... *Indifference to God and religion fostered by a system of education which ignores God.* This enemy cannot be defeated by a superior air force or shelled out of position by heavier artillery. *It can only be routed by producing superior citizens who know, love, and serve God, and for whom patriotism is an act of religion.*

## American Democracy and Religion

**D**EMOCRACY is a government by the people. A rule by the people will end in failure and injustice unless the people remain virtuous as well as intelligent. Over a hundred years ago that remarkable thinker and writer, Orestes A. Brownson, declared: "There is no foundation for virtue but in religion, and it is only religion that can command the degree of popular virtue and intelligence requisite to insure to popular government a wise and just administration. Religion is the power we need to take care of the people who rule themselves, and to secure the degree of virtue and intelligence necessary to sustain democracy."

Furthermore, the popular form of government which Americans chose in 1776 is a product of Christianity

and not of paganism. It could not have been begotten by a pagan civilization. Its roots are sunk deep in the Christian religion, and ethics. To attempt to have a democracy without Christian ethics is the same as trying to have apple pie without apples. Americans can never expect truly democratic government to survive by indifference to God and religion. The day that America becomes a pagan country the enemies of the United States may toll the death knell for American democracy.

It was only a few years after 1776 when George Washington left Americans this excellent advice in his farewell address: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion... Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

## The God-lessness of Public Schools

**I**F GOD-LESSNESS is America's enemy what is to be said of our public school system as it is at present constituted? What is to be said of the system of education which neglects religion as a part of youth training, and which belittles the place of God in the minds of Ameri-

can children? For you cannot exclude religion as a part of education, and then expect the child grown to manhood to regard it with more reverence than he does his arithmetic and grammar. I make bold to say that if the public schools foster religious indifference and God-lessness they are even less American than is commonly believed.

As Catholics we are not opposed to the public schools of this country. As Catholics we support them with our taxes, and try in every way to help them equip American children for complete living. We have no quarrel with the public schools for the good which they do. They give instruction and the work is done well by conscientious teachers. *Our objection to the public school is for what they do not do.* They do not develop character. They do not train the youth of America in Christian virtue. This omission of the religious training of youth in our state schools and colleges is the weakest spot in American defense. For a democracy is a government by the people... and if a people possess neither virtue nor character because they have never been disciplined in it, then our system of popular government is doomed.



## God-less Education No Crime Preventive

**L**EST you think that I am unduly prejudiced or that I am an alarmist allow me to quote what some non-Catholic educators and judges think of our God-less public school system. In February, 1938, the New York Chamber of Commerce appointed a special committee to investigate the educational system of the State. The committee's report in August, 1939, has been summarized in these words: "It is vital that in our education religious convictions and feeling be honored and promulgated rather than subordinated and excluded. *If this nation does not maintain its religious foundation, its whole structure will fail.* The United States cannot have or maintain a right system unless it is based on true religious principles. Therefore, in spite of the fact that some hesitate to include religion in our educational program, *we place it first.*" (The italics are this writer's.)

John Butler, a Probation Officer of the Queen County Court, claims he has inspected some 25,000 persons and filed reports on 15,000. He has this to say about the cause of crime and its only preventive: "No nation can depend solely on the police system to preserve its moral fiber. *Religious education is a social necessity.* The home is losing its integrity in just so far as god-lessness has crept into modern life."

Chief of Police August Vollmer, of Los Angeles, is quoted in the Los Angeles *Evening Express*, in October 1923, as saying: "Ten percent of all the children in Los Angeles schools today are going to come into the hands of the police as soon as

they are old enough to land there."

At a national meeting in 1934 in Cleveland Public School Superintendents deliberated ways and means whereby the school system might be more helpful to the thirty million children whose destinies were in their hands. Two notable educators, Dr. H. C. Morrison, professor of education at Chicago University, and Dr. T. H. Briggs of Teacher's College, Columbia University, were honest enough to declare that *our public school system, as at present constituted, is largely responsible for the crime in the land, and for the drift toward paganism.*

### Catholic Schools Defend America

**I**F THE Catholic School reaches the soul in its program of education, *it becomes at once a first-line defense against crime and evil doing, and for this service deserves the undying thanks of loyal Americans.*

It is in defense of the inalienable right of every American parent to choose the best school for his child that the American Catholics have scattered over our country like fortresses of God over ten thousand parochial schools with an investment of over three billion dollars, and a saving to the tax-payers of fifteen million dollars for upkeep and equipment. If this is not a whole-hearted gesture of patriotism then patriotism is nothing but the singing of the National Anthem and the waving of an American flag.

The state system demands the three R's, reading, writing, and arithmetic. The private religious school is more American because it is more fundamental; The private schools of the Catholic Church de-

mand the four R's, religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic; and religion first, not merely a third-rate item.

Let not the superficial Catholic say that instruction in religion or the lack of it is the sole difference between the state and private Catholic School. The catechism once a day is not what makes the Catholic school a stronghold of religion and patriotism. It is much more than the catechism. It is an *atmosphere of religion which makes the difference.* It is not only the crucifix on the wall above the pictures of Lincoln and Washington. It is not only the day begun with the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the classes closed with a prayer; it is not only the regular approach of children to the Sacraments which beget spiritual strength; it is not only the presence of God impressed on the little ones by the scroll "*God sees me*" written over the black-board; it is not the religious habit of the teacher which bears witness to her dedication to God and to your children. Rather it is all these things together that creates an atmosphere wherein morality and patriotism best flourish.

In the front of the Catholic school room stands a woman teacher who has vowed her life to God and to aim daily at the highest ideals of religious perfection; who teaches not for the salary which she never gets, but for love of God and His little ones; who has vowed to Christ the tender and high privilege of natural motherhood for the higher privilege of spiritual motherhood in training your children for God; who has substituted for her personal independence the rule of her Order in which rule the child's good is the moving force of her daily activity, and all for God's sake. What atmosphere such a teacher can create even should she remain mute! What impressions for good! What esteem for perfect purity, for unselfishness, and for perfect obedience to lawful authority! Let no one who knows our country's weakness ever declare that the Catholic School is less democratic or less American. Let the American flag wave over our Catholic Schools which stand like a chain of forts to defend America from her worst enemies... God-less education.



Le Fer Hall, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.



# EDUCATION IS NOT LEARNING

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

I HAVE no stack of questionnaires before me, nor have I gathered any statistics to support my thesis, but confident that all of us are sufficiently acquainted with enough cases to prove conclusively that a good school does not always *ipso facto* impart a good education, I do not need them. Certainly every fond parent chooses the best available school for his or her son and daughter, giving preference to that school from whose doors have come famous graduates, in the hope that the traditions revered there, successful in educating leaders of yesterday, may be equally successful in the training of their children.

Too, we have met remarkable products from schools that in standards and equipment, and even in teaching personnel, are strikingly inferior. We might even call to mind a few instances in which men became successes without ever seeing the inside of a schoolroom.

This would seem to support the conclusion that a good education depends on something not necessarily bound up with the school one attends. At least it would seem to show that good teachers and well equipped, lighted, and ventilated schoolrooms do not guarantee a successful education, however helpful these things may be.

If we plant two acorns side by side in the same soil, where they will receive exactly the same amount of moisture and sunshine, we may expect two oak trees of the same strength and size. Yet this will be the case only if two acorns are exactly alike in natural potentialities and if neither is interfered with or obstructed more than the other. In other words, soil and moisture and sunshine furnish the conditions for the acorns to grow just as the classroom fixtures and well trained teachers create a helpful atmosphere for the development of the students; but if there is unequal ability to start with, or if one student is prevented by extra-curricular work from applying himself to his studies as diligently as the other, the results will not be the same.

Does that mean that a less talented child, since he can never, even in the best school, match his more gifted class-mate, must resign himself to perpetual inferiority? Certainly not! If education were merely the acquiring of knowledge, then indeed the less talented would always be behind or beneath the more brilliant. But education is not the acquiring of knowledge.

Education is discipline. The educated man is a

trained man, whether he has received that training at Oxford, or Cambridge, or in a C.C.C. camp. We do not measure a man's education by what he *knows*, but by what he *is*. And it is not because one college imparts more information than another, nor because one university relays more facts than another, that we call it a better school, but because it *trains* more thoroughly and makes the student to be a better developed man spiritually as well as physically and mentally.

We say education is discipline—and it is. If you are one of the many enthusiastic readers of *Readers' Digest*, you will not miss an article in the September (1940) issue by Alexis Carrel, M.D., "Work in the Laboratory of your Private Life." Whether Dr. Carrell knew Dr. Hulbert, one time President of Middlebury College, I cannot say, but the ideas of education held by the two men are expressed in phrases so nearly identical that one cannot help commenting on the similarity. If their concept of education as a disciplinary process could be enforced in all the schools of our land, we could escape the unpleasant charge of encouraging "mental laziness." Both men are heart and soul for hard, enduring labor. "The pushover job, the unearned meal, the easy choice," says Carrel, "are tempting too many Americans down the soft decline." If a man has weak legs and wants to develop strength in them, let him begin to walk, a few steps at first; then, as his power increases, let him increase the length of the walk until he has developed in his weak muscles the amount of strength he needs. That is the boxer's method, the football player's method, and it must be the scholar's method. If a student has a weak memory or a slow understanding or a sluggish will, let him set himself to the task of memorizing lines in daily increasing amounts, in reading and analyzing treatises and in frequent exercises of the will until he has developed mental brawn and spiritual muscles enough to cope with the hardest problem.

Of course this is hard work. And because it is hard work too many shun it. And unfortunately too many teachers and parents allow this escape to take place. Some teachers digest the matter in the textbook or reduce it to baby-talk, leave out non-essentials, omit all hard passages, repeat what is left as often as time permits, and then expose the student to a "true and false" test which they could have passed as well before attending the class. A

mother doesn't eat her child's food for it. A father doesn't take his son's exercise for him. Then neither should they or the teachers study for the pupils. Too many teachers and parents think that the more they help a child over or around a difficulty, the more kind they are to it. But instead of helping the child by teaching it to meet and defeat obstacles, they remove the obstacle and the child remains a mental infant, unable to reason out the simplest syllogism. The teachers and parents have taken away the meat that should have strengthened the child, have removed the ladder on which it was to mount, when they failed to *train* the student to meet and conquer difficulties.

Again I have no recent certified statistics, but a leading publishing house in New York is authority for the statement that "three-fourths" of the youths of our country are habitual readers of the dime novel class of books, but not one in fifty has any taste for the standard book. The trashy, sensational book sells by tens of thousands, while the book of science, of history, of poetry, by the most popular authors sell by the hundreds or by the thousands." (These comparisons are not recent, but I doubt seriously if they would be changed in favor of youth today.)

Far be it from me to accuse College students generally with the deliberate choice of some lurid magazines and books as preferable to the literary or scientific. But just as a child of ten prefers the bright colored cover of his "Dick Tracy" or "Buck Rogers" to somber "Paradise Lost" because they cannot be expected to understand and enjoy

such poetry, so the mentally dwarfed students of some schools, underfed and under-developed, cannot reach any higher than the sensational trash which will not tax their limited thought capacity.

That school, then, is the best which takes the student, whether he have one talent or ten, and awakens in him the ambition to develop what he has by constant and hard work, thereby increasing his capacity for *being* and *accomplishing* much in his world. He will never drop the mathematics because he finds algebra hard, nor give up Greek because it takes study. He will wrestle with them and beat them into so much mental power for future use on a political, social, or economic problem.

I must not deprive you of Dr. Hulbert's apt comparison, which expresses better than any other, the features of "soft" education. "Suppose a farmer were to buy a cheese, mistaking it for a grindstone. Getting it home and adjusting it in its place, he sets his boy to turning it. He brings on his axe and scythe and applies them to the revolving instrument. To his surprise, instead of taking away from the tools, it adds to them of its own substance, turning them into cheese. What is the trouble? The grindstone does not grind for want of texture and grit. Now a good school is not wholly unlike a grindstone of genuine quality; and he is the good teacher who takes his pupil in both hands and holds him down hard and long upon the swift rolling stone until he is worked down and brought into shape, and has a sharp edge set upon him and is thus fitted for service. If you grind a boy on cheese, you have cheese and that is the end of him."



Gardening at Father Flanagan's Boys' Home

# Do Catholics Oppose the Public Schools?

*Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore*

**T**HE question is both timely and pertinent. It is important, too.

One hears it on all sides and there appears to be no little misunderstanding about it. There are very many well-meaning men and women, outside our Church, who seem not to be able to understand our traditional Catholic attitude regarding education and our unwillingness to take advantage of the many very excellent opportunities offered to us, and to our children, by our American system of public schools. It is pointed out that no nation in all the world so lavishly spends its money on public education as does our own. Along with this, the best thought of our times has been given over to the advancement of educational study and progress; a tremendous amount of energy and enthusiasm has been contributed to the cause. Our system of public education occupies a unique place in the general scheme of modern pedagogy. We are doing some really fine things in educational research which have resulted in a good deal of genuine advancement.

And yet, despite all this, we American Catholics have set up, at very great personal sacrifice, a school system of our own. We pay our share towards the maintenance and operation of the public schools and, then, in addition, voluntarily contribute to the support of our own schools. Why is this?

Before giving a direct answer to this question let us say a word in general about the widespread ignorance and misunderstanding regarding the Church's attitude towards education to be found in the minds of millions outside the Faith. They tell us now and have been tell-

ing us for many a year that the Church is the avowed enemy of education. They go further and state that she is afraid of it. Her only hope of retaining her hold on her people is to keep them in ignorance, they assert. Once Catholics become educated and enlightened, we are assured by the calamity howlers, they sever all connection with Catholicism to find rest and peace in some one of the daily multiplying "isms" that form the harvest of the sixteenth century seeding of confusion.

**T**HE men who keep up that cry against the Church are ignorant of history. The Church's achievements in the field of education form one of the brightest pages in her whole story. She has never neglected an opportunity to erect universities, colleges and primary schools. She has never been without active orders of men and women who dedicate their whole lives to the work of education—Christian education. The Catholic Church may well be called the "Mother of education." If we have a love of learning in the world of today, it is due directly to the heroic efforts of the Catholic Church to keep aflame, at all times, the lamp of learning in spite of numerous difficulties with which she found herself confronted in past ages. Let others enlarge if they will on this subject. The purpose of this paper does not call for any detailed history of the educational work of the Catholic Church.

Here in America we find an incredible amount of ignorance even amongst so-called educated men regarding the Church's attitude toward the system of purely secular education which we know as the public schools of our Republic. They see in her an enemy, a destroyer of the "little red schoolhouse." Quite

easily they visualize the Church (meaning of course the bishops, priests and people of the Church) going around with bomb, blunderbuss or, perhaps, flaming torch, razing public schools. This ignorance finds expression in radical anti-Catholic papers and magazines and is voiced daily by those pestiferous individuals whom we have with us always, the paid ranters and vilifiers, who know little beyond the value of a dollar and whose honesty and sincerity are non-existent.

Let me say at once that the Church has never entertained the thoughts towards the public school attributed to her by her enemies. The Catholics of this country are contributing their share (and the share of twenty-one million Americans is quite considerable) of the cost of building and maintaining public schools. They are anxious to see educational opportunities of some kind given to all the youth of the nation. If millions of Americans are satisfied with purely secular education for their children, without any consideration of God, the soul, eternity, or the real purpose of the child's creation, then they may have it; that is their business. If we, of the Faith, differ from the seemingly satisfied millions on the question of education, if we regard mere secular education as incomplete, as no adequate formative of true character, as unsatisfactory, in as much as such a system fails absolutely to meet the demands of our consciences, as pedagogically and psychologically unsound, then we have a right to our difference of opinion and what is more a further right to take such steps as are necessary to provide for our children an education that will meet our demand.

There is our position. Any honest man who endeavors to understand our Catholic philosophy and concept

\* Taken from *Columbia* (New Haven, Conn.)



of education—what we aim to accomplish by it—can easily understand our attitude towards the secularized educational system of this country.

Our attitude is clear, sound and thoroughly logical. It is simple and easily understood. If we are misunderstood, such misunderstanding arises from ignorance of the sane principles underlying our attitude.

Frankly, we are dissatisfied with an education that is materialistic. It is not enough for us. It gives no consideration to the things really important and worth while. God, the immortal soul, eternity, man's real mission on earth—all these are left out of it. The education of secularism is no finished formative of character, as we understand character, in the light of the teachings of Jesus Christ. Exclusively secular education is decidedly sectarian in the sense that it is largely responsible for the growth of religious indifference which is in a large measure the religion of America. If, by its fruits we may know it, we cannot, after three quarters of a century of its existence, form a high estimate of it. Let us examine this matter a little more closely.

Education has been called "a system of preparation for complete living. The be-all and the end-all of the child is not here below. God created us for Himself. This life is but a time of preparation for another life, an unending life. If, therefore, education is to be adequate to, and commensurate with, the demands of our nature, it must take cognizance of the here and the hereafter of life. The very word education tells its object and its aim. It means to *evolve*, to draw out. It is a system of training whereby *all* the faculties of the soul are developed, resulting in what we call a well-rounded character. Any system of education which neglects the development of certain faculties of the soul, must, of necessity, be an imperfect system, however good as far as it goes.

A system of purely secular training will develop the soul's power of reasoning and perhaps, too, reach the aesthetic sense. But it will go no further. This point is important

and fundamental in the philosophy of Catholic education. This man reads, writes and ciphers. He has studied deeply the literature of many lands. He may be talented to the extent of being, himself, a worth-while producer in the literary world. He may be competent to discourse convincingly on the points of beauty in some splendid panorama which lies before him. He may be equal to translating a gorgeous sunset to a barren canvas. He may ably fill an important position in the world of commerce; he may even become the Chief Executive of a nation or a state. Yet if his education has been purely secular, without any attention having been paid to the other faculties of his soul, he is but partially educated and his character has not been completely rounded out or formed. The deepest powers of his soul are untouched. In spite of all his intellectual powers, he is in a worse condition than the untrained child with regard to moral and religious sense, duties and obligations. The child is in the happy position of having in him a potentiality to development, whilst the man who has spent his best years developing one or two faculties to the neglect of others of greatest importance, usually finds these latter reduced to a sort of comatose condition. Mere secular training is not calculated to produce a man of sterling character, a good man. One might rival a Shakespeare or a Milton and yet rob a bank, defraud one's fellow-man or betray the nation for a mess of pottage.

Morality and religion are essential factors in the formation of true character. No morality worthy of the name can be either imparted or practiced that does not rest upon religion as a foundation. And none but a religious sanction is effective in enforcing the doing of good and the avoidance of evil. Pile up laws, multiply the police numbers and yet, without religion and a sound morality flowing from that religion, we shall be forced to continue to erect bigger and more commodious jails, death-houses and asylums for the derelict.

A former President of the United States once gave voice in a striking fashion to this truism. In an

address to the National Council of the Congregational Churches Mr. Coolidge forcibly set forth the dependence of good government upon the practice of religion and morality by the people. "I have felt a propriety in coming here," said Mr. Coolidge, "because of my belief in the growing necessity for reliance, for the political success of this government, upon the religious convictions of our people."

And then, in the development of this thought, Mr. Coolidge continued:

"The mere sharpening of the wits, the bare training of the intellect, the naked acquisition of science, while they increase the power for good, likewise increase the power for evil. An intellectual growth will only add to our confusion unless it is accompanied by a moral growth. I do not know of any source of moral power other than that which comes from religion."

THE Catholic Church holds that religious training is necessary in the proper education of the child. It is necessary because the soul yearns for the development of the faculties placed therein by the God of nature, that the child may grow up realizing and performing its duties and obligations to God and to its fellow-man; it is necessary in order that human character may stand out adorned by virtue, well-rounded, developed, the whole man trained head and heart, with God, duty, clean living, proper and complete regard for the rights of others, branded deeply into the conscience.

This, then, is our concept, our Catholic philosophy of education.

Surely, if we believe in such an education and are willing to go down into our pockets to build our own schools and to carry them on for the sake of such principles; if we are willing to do such things, the while we willingly and cheerfully and readily pay for the building and upkeep of the public schools, none ought to say to us nay. We ask nothing of others when we carry out our convictions. We trench not on the rights of our fellow-citizens. We shirk no duty in assuming additional duties. We, who do not use the



public schools, pay as much in support of them as do our fellow-citizens who avail themselves of all the opportunities such schools afford.

It has been my observation that our non-Catholic neighbors who give serious thought to our insistence upon our parochial schools, are fair enough to agree that we have, at least, our convictions, and the courage of our convictions. True it is, indeed, that our Catholic philosophy of education has not been in high favor for the last half-century or so in the great secular schools and colleges of the land. With but few exceptions, these institutions could find no place for religion or morality in their teaching of philosophy, jurisprudence and the science of government. The untenable theory has prevailed that true happiness, progress and attainment can be secured by education which trains merely the intellect and passes over any effort to strengthen the will to reject the evil and to elect the good. On the other hand, however, thinking men and women, in all parts of the world, are slowly but surely coming round to our way of thinking. Hardly a day goes by but that someone in a position to speak with confidence and authority is heard to deplore the ineffectiveness of our purely secular system of education and its utter helplessness to stem the tide of irreligious philosophy and an increasing disregard for all authority and respect for the common weal. Right-thinking men in all times have subscribed to the axiom that "Education without religion is a failure." We have in this country wandered away from this sound reasoning. Our Church, almost alone, has striven to keep alive by practice this theory of educational philosophy. But the dawn of a brighter day is at hand.

There are those who would write into our system of Catholic education a mean, an unworthy purpose. But here, again, I am willing to believe that much of the difficulty is due to a failure properly to understand what it is we are about. The bigots of course, like the poor, we have always with us. But what of those who think they see in our Catholic system of education a movement apart from our national unity,

fidelity and patriotism? Today, from one end of the land to the other, we hear on all sides the cry of patriotism. It comes from the devout and the careless, the religious and the profane. Yet, how few there are who regard love of country as an *act of religion*, as a quality intimately connected with, and flowing from, the love of God? This, after all, is what constitutes real patriotism; this is the Catholic teaching of patriotism. After God comes country. God is the Author of society. As I am bound to love my God, so am I obliged to love my country. Just as I have an obligation to serve my Creator, so, too, have I an obligation to serve my country. God and country! They are not, they must not, be separated. And when one is taught from one's earliest youth to know and to serve God, when one is brought up to see the great hand of God and His authority in civil government, one is trained in a patriotism that is a real, deep, religious conviction that will set no limits to the sacrifices to be made in the services of one's country.

Patriotism thus inculcated is deep-seated and becomes, perforce, the very habit of the soul. This, precisely, is the patriotism that is taught in our parochial schools. This is the patriotism which has been taught by Catholicism for twenty centuries; this is the patriotism of American Catholics which has given ample and frequent proof of its existence since the earliest days of the Republic. It stands written in blood in the pages of our history and can no more be erased from the record than can the sun be snatched from out the heavens. Where religion permeates education this patriotism is imparted.

No children of America will ever surpass in love of country the little ones whose souls are formed in the parochial schools.

Religion is a necessary constituent element in the education of the child, in order that the child may be adequately prepared for citizenship, here and hereafter. Now comes an objection voiced by those who admit the part played by religious teaching in the formation of character, but

who, nevertheless, wish to exclude it from the school curriculum. Let religion be taught, they say, in the home and in the Sunday school, reserving the school as a place for secular teaching. The objection is sound if the objectors will grant that God is less important than man, heaven less than earth, the immortal soul of lesser consequence than the human body. All sense of due proportion is destroyed by thus magnifying the small and minimizing the great. If God, and our obligations to Him, are not kept before the mind of the child daily, if they do not enter into the child's living and growth, if they are brought up for consideration only now and then, they can never exercise the needed influence in the life of that child. Their influence will be negligible and the impression produced that, after all, they are of minor importance. It may sound very well to say that the home is the place for teaching religion. But the sad fact is that religion is not taught in the home. The child returns from school tired and worn by the school routine. He has no inclination to struggle with a subject upon which he will not be questioned by his teacher on the morrow. The breadwinner returns to his home at night wearied by the toil of the day. He can scarcely be expected to be a teacher of religion. Not infrequently he has no religion himself. His club, or his lodge, calls him; the daily newspaper is close at hand. Or, perhaps, he is compelled to seek repose for a toil-worn body.

No man can exaggerate the extent of the influence of the mother on her child. Yet the busy housewife can rarely, if ever, find time to give systematic instruction of any kind to her children. She is "anxious and busy about many things" at home and it happens only too often, unfortunately, that she adds to her anxiety and busy life by occupying herself with many things abroad. Even if parents had the time and the will to teach religion to their children, not many parents are capable of performing the task, since they are often less equipped to teach this branch of knowledge than they are to teach grammar, geography or history.

What of the Sunday school? Here, perhaps, all difficulties will be solved. Here is the time and here is the place to develop the moral and religious sense of the child. In my time I have had considerable experience with Sunday school work. I know something about it and, as the result of this experience, I am frank to say that, as a school for religious instruction, it is not a success. It is insufficient and ineffectual. One hour a week to God and the things of God; thirty hours a week to the acquiring of secular knowledge! The lessons of each Sunday forgotten seven days hence. Carry on with this practice, let the weekdays be void of God and religion, and you deepen the impression that religion, after all, is but an accidental thing, scarcely necessary, and that, what really matters are the *Three R's*, and the little, brief span of life, brightened by intellectual attainments. The home and the Sunday school are not equal to the work of teaching religion. Therefore, it must either be neglected entirely or taught in the school.

The Catholic Church has garnered much experience during twenty centuries. Even her enemies have not failed to credit her with wisdom. She has not built up a school system in America just for the purpose of spending hard-earned money. *She has done so because, knowing the need of religious teaching in the up-building of a citizenry, knowing that that knowledge is not imparted in the home or the Sunday school; realizing that religion must permeate the atmosphere breathed by the little ones of the flock and finding it eliminated by the State from its schools, there is only one way left and that is to build her own schools.* This she has done at enormous expense. She has now in her schools in this country more than two million children. The saving to the various States brought about by our Catholic educational system is in excess of one hundred million dollars a year. To those, therefore, whose standard of the value of things is the dollar, it should be evident that the Catholic Church sets a high value upon the teaching of religion, on religion and morality, the Re-

public's best and soundest foundation.

Let us summarize. Religion cannot be absent from any system of education worthy of the name. "It should be an essential part of education: *it should form not merely an adjunct to instruction in other subjects, but the center about which these are grouped and the spirit by which they are permeated.* The study of nature without any reference to God, or of human ideals with no mention of Jesus Christ, or of human legislation without Divine Law is at best a one-sided education." "You cannot separate religion from



## Bursting Pods

As mated pea  
In bursting pod  
Of green,  
So near to me  
Art Thou, My God,  
Unseen.

Placidus S. Kempf, O.S.B.

education for the simple reason that all education is ultimately religious."

You cannot make secular education Christian by merely adding to it lessons in catechism. The public school is not changed into a Catholic school by taking the Catholic children from it twice a week in order that they may study religion. They come from and return to an atmosphere of secularism. The soul is missing in that atmosphere. That soul is religion. Let us be plain about it. That soul is the religion of

Jesus Christ, and that means one thing only, the religion taught by the Church established as a teacher by Jesus Christ, and that Church is the Catholic Church alone.

I am not saying that catechism should not be taught to our children who are attending secular schools. I am not suggesting that nothing should be done in a religious way for the thousands of our young men and women who are today frequenting our secular or State colleges and universities. Every effort ought to be made to give to such Catholics a knowledge of their faith. But it is folly to assert that a glorified Sunday school erected near a State institution of learning is calculated to Christianize, for Catholics, the atmosphere of materialism that pervades such centers of secularism. At best our Catholic clubs are but semi-remedial in their work, attempting to save Catholic students from the evil effects of the poisonous indifferentism and, at times, of radical and positive unbelief, that are to be met with in secular institutions of learning. The Catholic student body may be urged to attend Holy Mass and approach the Sacraments. The young men and women may be invited to attend lectures on religion and ethics. All that is excellent as far as it goes. The fact remains, however, that the atmosphere, the dominant one, is anything but Catholic. The Catholic students listen to "specialists of note" amongst the faculty who may be and, as a matter of fact, many times are, bitterly opposed to the teachings of the religion of Christ. In the school of history Catholic students are forced to listen to vitriolic diatribes against their Church, the papacy and Catholic religious life in general. In the school of sociology the professor may give out a teaching which is fundamentally opposed to Christian principles. There is scarcely a single subject, however remote it may seem from the subject of religion, which may not be made, in one way or another, a vehicle of irreligion.

The priests who are at work among the Catholic students in a State university are, or ought to be, trying to make the best of a bad job.

# The Gentleman by *desires* Peace

by QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

## Chapter IV

**B**AXTER leaned forward, rested his elbows on the table, fingered a cigarette the priest offered him. He betrayed scant emotion, spoke in an ordinary manner, as though he studied his subject to avoid affectation.

"I might as well go to the beginning," he said, "paint you the complete picture. I shall try, so far as I can, to understate, for mine is not an everyday story; it is hard to believe even if it were only half true.

"I was born in Boston forty years ago. I'll be forty on my next birthday in March. My parents were not religious people; they belonged to no church. I was not baptized until I embraced the Catholic faith twelve years ago. My father's ancestors belonged to the Church of England; he was a Welshman. My mother's ancestors were Lutherans; she is German; she is still alive. I rarely see her, though she has her home a mere two blocks

from where I maintain my office. She has disowned me, refuses to consider me as her son. Not because of my conversion, as you may imagine from what I have said, but because I killed her other son, Ralph, who was my senior by two years. Yes, I killed my own brother, murdered him in a fashion I'm sure you can't conjecture. Until I explain, don't try to think ahead of the story. I would dislike to have your mind run in circles.

"I don't believe I had much of a boyhood. It seems, as I look back, that I matured suddenly when I entered high school at twelve. At fourteen I fell in love with a girl named Stella. At eighteen I still loved her. At nineteen I exacted a promise from her to wait for me until I would return from Germany, where I was going to study at the University of Berlin. I gave her an engagement ring; we were to be married when I returned. She said she loved me; she said she would wait for me. We had been going together five years. There was nothing unholy about that, though we both were young. Certainly I never harmed her. But I did love her with what a psychiatrist could label a wholly consuming passion. She was in many ways the center of my existence.

"I had an uncle, on my mother's side, who had an excellent reputation as a surgeon, and who was con-

sidered one of the best medical scientists in the German empire. He knew I was interested in medicine and surgery ever since I was a small lad. On his frequent visits to America, he encouraged that interest in me, finally sold my parents on the idea that I should go to Germany, obtain my degrees there, add to them with a post-graduate course at Vienna. I went rapidly through high school, studied two years at Boston College and a year at John Hopkins before leaving for Germany. I arrived there the same week the Allies declared war against that country. However, the war did not interfere with my studies. Furthermore, I was an American citizen; nothing of mine was involved. I studied hard, made good progress, was well on the way toward my degrees when it became apparent the United States would be drawn into the conflict. I then began to prepare to return to my own country.

"A year before that, early in nineteen hundred and sixteen, Stella visited Germany in company with her parents. I can't tell you how glad I was to see her. We had been apart for two years—and you have to be two years away from a loved one to appreciate how absence can hurt. We renewed our promises; I said I would study harder than ever so I would be a great surgeon; she said she would wait, would count the days until I married her. That was in nineteen sixteen. In March of nineteen seventeen, a month before this country declared war against Germany, and on my birthday to be exact, I received a letter from my parents saying Stella had eloped, married another. As you can imagine, I was stunned. I refused to believe it. I dispatched a cablegram to my brother, begged him to verify or discredit what they wrote. He did what I asked; I had my answer within three days. It was true; Stella had eloped. She married an aviator, a squadron commander, Lloyd Lederer by name.

**B**AXTER paused, lighted the cigarette he held, offered his match to Father Hubert, who also lighted a cigarette. They sat silent for several minutes, the priest sans inclination to break the narrative with questions. It was enough to let the doctor tell his story gradually.

Baxter continued:

"In my frame of mind there was no thought of returning to the United States. The one thing there that meant so much to me was lost forever. I was without reason for returning. Besides, I felt a hate toward that country, toward its men. I know that what I say may sound very foolish now, but nothing is foolish to a young man, not when his

dreams and ideals are crushed. To me, Americans seemed a class of morons, stealing plighted women, doing wrong without regard for others. And, in my heart, I hated Stella far more than I once loved her. I swore I would get revenge somehow, sometime, somewhere.

"So Lederer was an aviator! Well, I would be one, too. And would the fates only grant that I meet him in a fight, I'd fill him so full of lead he could stand as a monument to my broken heart. Of course I would fight with the Germans. Germany was now my country. I knew her people; I loved her professors; I believed in her cause. And my future—what did it matter? I wanted only a chance to get at some of those enemy aviators, in the hope Lederer would be among them.

"When in April the United States did declare war, I was already signed up in the air corps. They tried to talk me out of it, the authorities, said I would be more valuable, my training more useful to the surgical staff, who were short on skilled men. But when I told them why I preferred the air service, when I explained what I thought needed explaining, they relented, allowed me to have my way. I passed the examinations and took to the air after a few brief weeks of intensive training. And here, at this point, I should also say that when I renounced my country I also changed my name. I became Rupert Breslau."

Father Hubert gasped.

Baxter smiled, continued:

"Yes, I'm the Black Rupert of nineteen seventeen and eighteen. Hard to believe, isn't it? Yet I'm the fellow of whom it was said I was the devil himself, and for whose capture alive the Allies posted a reward of ten thousand English pounds. I was probably the dirtiest fighter who ever flew a plane, who ever killed men in cold blood.

"They started me off as a member of the Rich-tofen circus, but transferred me to a special patrol when they saw my methods, my tactics. I proved extremely valuable as an advance scout. I dared to go farther behind the enemy lines than any other man; there was no curbing my recklessness. I brought back much important information, information they appreciated. As compensation, they offered me every chance to get into dog fights; and I had my share of victories. They listed twenty-nine enemy craft to my credit before I was brought down myself. I dealt a merciless death to more than twenty men, killed them in cold blood when, by the rules of air warfare as it was then conducted there was no necessity for the killing.

"It was the thing then, when one shot down an enemy plane, to let it fall, and hope its occupants



would somehow crawl out and escape with their lives. Airmen were the sportsmen of the war. When the Allies shot down one of our planes, they would fly over our positions a day or two later and drop a note stating where the plane fell. When the Germans shot down one of their planes, they would do the same, if it could be done without great risk. It also was the proper thing when one side or the other brought down a gallant adversary—it was a sort of a custom to fly over the spot where the plane fell and dip one's wings in salute. Both sides observed rigid, sportsmanlike rules. Had the world war been left to them to settle, it would have been a gentleman's war, different from the massacre it was on the land front.

"However, I could not be classed with the gallant fighters. I was a killer, always out for blood. Every enemy aviator represented the American, Lederer, to me, and I was determined to kill him if it at all could be done. When I shot down a plane I swooped to the ground after it, raked its cockpit with my machine gun, made certain I hit the occupant or occupants. Sometimes, when my adversary fell on difficult terrain where gunning was impractical, I dropped bombs on the plane to insure a gas tank explosion; for, popular opinion to the contrary, not all craft exploded after a crash. But, worse yet, my reputation as Black Rupert derived from my merciless slaughter of men who bailed out by parachute. I flew around them, killed them while they helplessly floated to earth. That was murder—and I murdered many that way. I was mad, pathologically mad, diseased with the mania of revenge. Not even a war could justify my deeds."

FATHER HUBERT closed his eyes, as though he dreaded to gaze on the ghost of a man the world once hated. Baxter was telling the truth; he remembered all that had been written in newspapers about Rupert Breslau; he recalled all that was said of him during the war. But, this was nearly twenty years later—

"In August of nineteen hundred and seventeen," Baxter continued, "I met a girl, a very pretty girl. Marlene Lodi was her name. She was engaged to marry a captain in the Hussars, but she had not seen him in many months; and she was lonesome. And so was I, in a certain way. We were attracted to each other, the first time I came to Berlin on a furlough, and, before I left, we grew very intimate. War and killing had broken down my morals. And Marlene—she was probably starved for affection. I shan't try to explain her or her nature.... In June of the following year, she bore me a daughter. That girl is Frances, who

lives with me now, who has been introduced to you several years ago. Her mother and I were never married.

"So I lived, killing men while on duty, spending days with Marlene when furloughs took me to Berlin. I felt sure I would be killed, that the Allies would ground me permanently; therefore, marriage, marriage as a contract, was of least interest to me, and, since Marlene never pressed the case, I took it for granted she was satisfied to have me as she found me. Anyway, I thought her a reckless sort, a libertine like myself, who was little concerned about the future, who considered only the present. I had forgotten I ever studied for a doctor's degree; killing had killed the last of the good Samaritan in me.

"When my daughter was born, I resented her birth; she was a nuisance. Neither did her mother waste affection on her. Certainly I never gave any thought to supporting her, or to supporting her mother, didn't believe I would live long enough to worry about that. Furthermore, I was not legally bound to regard her as my own. Oh, I enjoyed playing with the child, after a fashion, and it was pleasant cuddling her in my arms, realizing she was my flesh—but the moments for that were few and very short; there was more killing to be done at the front.

"Well, they caught up with me the day before the signing of the armistice. I had orders from my commander to stay on the ground, and I disobeyed. This commander was Toyo Hakawa, who, besides being now my so-called servant, is also a close friend. He was a professional soldier then, fought in several small wars before joining with the German air force somewhere about the middle of nineteen hundred and sixteen. I was responsible directly to him. If ever you doubt what I say, talk to him.

"As I have said, I disobeyed orders. We heard rumors of an impending armistice, and—well, I had twenty nine planes to my credit, and I was obsessed with a notion that I should stretch the number to thirty while a chance remained. Too, it seemed I had already cheated death, gotten off free when by all odds I should have been killed. One more plane—the odds were in my favor. I had the technique down fine; I had to get a thirtieth victim. I would not stop on an uneven number like twenty-nine.

"So I went up, and I wasn't in the air more than five minutes when I saw a single seater American Curtis right above me. I zoomed, and he powered. Then—suppose I simply say it was a furious battle. We fought for about a half hour, with

neither one scoring an effective hit. Finally I peppered his gas tank, and it exploded. Before flames completely enveloped his plane, I saw that my adversary bailed out in a parachute. He dropped fifteen hundred feet before he pulled his rip cord. Then I swooped down, levelled off with him, and I let him have a round from my machine gun. He was helpless; I didn't expect anything to happen to me, except that I would see his corpse float to earth. I knew I hit him; I saw him jerk his legs. But he also thrust his hand inside his leather jacket and whipped out a revolver, and aimed it at my plane. His one wild shot, fired in the desperation of an awful fear—that one wild revolver shot sank a bullet under my heart. I lost control of my plane, crashed.

"The man who fired that shot and who was the last man I murdered, was my own brother, Ralph. I did not know it at the time, did not learn of it until weeks later. Moreover, I would not have imagined he, too, was in the air service. But he was, and I killed him—and my mother knows I killed him, and she has refused to meet me since I returned to this country. The shock of his eldest boy's death killed my father. He died of a heart attack a week before my uncle wrote to my mother and revealed that I unwittingly committed fratricide.

"After my father's death, my mother moved to Chicago at the request of a niece, Florence Wilmar, who operates a night club, the Shalimar. She thinks it is Miss Wilmar who supports her, who keeps her in comfort in her old age. Nobody dares tell her that the man she hates, that the man you see here, pays every bill, guards her unseen; that he hopes against hope she will some day forgive him, offer him a chance to tell his side of the story."

**B**AXTER lighted another cigarette, spoke a little slower.

"I crashed behind my own lines, less than a mile from my hangar. I remember I bled very badly, and I did not lose consciousness. Luckily, my gas tank withstood the jar; I might have been roasted alive. As it was, Toyo and several members of our squadron ran to where I fell and they dragged me out of the wreckage, carried me to a field hospital. So far as I was concerned, they could have left me to die. I had lost much blood; there were also other factors, familiar to a medical man, which spelled an imminent death. I was conscious enough to note in detail my approaching demise.

"Now there was attached to this field hospital a doctor by the name of Franz Mordeau. It's hard to guess how old he was. I remember he wore a

short beard, always walked with stooped shoulders, as though he carried a weight on his back. I also remember that I once saw him on his knees, praying in a corner of our barracks. He struck me, then, as an ascetic, one of those saintly creatures we read about but never see except in stained glass. He was an unusual chap; and I distinctly recall how he stared at me when they called him to my bed and he undressed me. Too, I recall that I tried to talk, but blood was gushing from my mouth, and all I could do was to watch what he would do.

"Rupert," he said,—"Rupert, if God helps me pull you through this mess, and you live, you will owe him an immense debt. There will be no peace for you until you discharge it'. Those were his exact words. I remember them like I do the words of our commonest prayer."

"Well, something peculiar happened after that. Those who saw it, Toyo among them, say I died; they were sure of it. Two other doctors who were present, swore to me later that my pulse stopped, that my heart quit, that they officially pronounced me dead. Myself, I can't swear to anything. I wasn't aware that I left this or any other world. I don't remember any particular sensation, not even that I fell unconscious. Still, as I say, they pronounced me dead—so, apparently, something did happen. When I opened my eyes, and I don't know how long that was after Mordeau spoke to me, I could see he had just finished taping my wound. Not until a week later did I learn that, operating boldly, he had cut open my side, removed the bullet, taken out my heart, by forcing apart several ribs, and massaged it with his hands until it unmistakably fluttered again. Other than that, I don't know what else he did; he refused to tell me. Those who were in the room with him, the two doctors who assisted him excepted, were not permitted to view the operation—and the two doctors professed they were ignorant about exact details; hence I was unable to learn what miracle was performed on me. At any rate, I pulled through; and here I am, because somebody felt it in his soul that I should live and square a bad account.

"I saw Mordeau only three times after that, the last time when they removed me to a hospital in Cologne. He came to say farewell, for his superiors were transferring him to another zone. He seated himself beside my bed, favored me with one of his rare smiles. I'm sure I don't exaggerate when I state I can still see exactly how he looked. He sat there, kept his eyes fastened on me, spoke only a few words after he informed me of his transfer.

"It should be evident even to a fool," he declared, 'that God has spared you and given you an

opportunity to redeem yourself. For the sake of your soul, I hope you have the intelligence to make the most of it.' That was all, and then he left me.

"And less than an hour after Mordeau departed, I received a message from friends in Berlin. They advised me that Marlene had disappeared, that she had abandoned her baby, and they were of the suspicion she returned to her first lover, who by this time was released from the army. I sent them word to take care of the child until I could get back on my feet, that I would re-imburse them for their trouble. Somehow or other that baby seemed very important to me, and I did not want her placed in an orphanage or adopted by strangers—and I don't think you need a second guess to understand Mordeau was the one responsible for my change of heart. Little as he ever talked, and little as he ever said, it was enough. I wasn't a fool altogether.

"It was the middle of February before I left the hospital, cured. The war was over, the killing finished. But that didn't matter anymore. I would have rather killed myself than kill another man. Anyway, I returned to Berlin, and, difficult though conditions were, I managed to exist. I resumed my studies at the university, and, after I received my degrees, I moved to Vienna, where I took a post-graduate course in surgery. I hung out my shingle while studying there, enjoyed a moderate success. However, I knew my life's work was not there. I longed to return to my native country, where I felt I really belonged. When I finally saved enough money to cover the cost of the trip, and after I had already met all my financial obligations to my friends in Berlin, I sailed from Genoa, Italy; and I landed in New York on the fifteenth of October, nineteen hundred and twenty four. That was twelve years ago. I stayed in New York only a week, until I learned to where my mother had moved. Informed she settled in Chicago, I went there. I have been there since.

"And that is my story, except that I might add my daughter has been with me ever since I left Cologne. I have never made any effort to locate Marlene. I don't know whether she is alive or dead, what happened to her, or where she went. Nor have I ever cared to know. The girl is ignorant of my past, believes her mother died when she was very young—and, except for a few people who knew me before I went to Germany, most persons think I'm a widower. I took back my old name when I returned to the university, and perhaps not one in several thousand would suspect I once had been Rupert Breslau. I remember there were some stories printed about him after the war, and he is occasionally mentioned when war horrors are recalled; but it has become a sort of general assumption that he mysteriously disappeared, and I already heard it said he met with a bloody death in a Nazi concentration camp. My mother, if she would ever care to wake the dead, could expose me easily, perhaps cause me grave public embarrassment. However, she has not said a word; she has disowned me, will not admit our relationship. To her I don't exist. Extraordinary, but true. Therefore, no one talks. The others who now beside yourself know my story, know also the hard task I have on my hands; they try with a Christian spirit to help rather than hinder me.

"There you have it. If the grace of the good Saint Francis animates you, you will understand what mental processes I went through, and you will understand what I still carry in my heart and, yes, on my conscience. True, I have obtained forgiveness in the confessional and before that at baptism—but, one's memory doesn't die, one knows there is a debt, and one knows there is a God who is as just as He is merciful. It is that God Who matters to me, and it is that God Who keeps me tied to my job."

*(To be continued)*

## Pope Pius to be Heard over Columbia Network

**P**OPE PIUS XII will appeal to Americans for support of the Catholic Church's missionary activities in a broadcast which is to be heard over the Columbia network's nationwide facilities Saturday, October 19. (WABC-CBS, 1:30 to 1:45 P.M., EST).

His Holiness will read the message from his library in the Vatican.

The broadcast has added significance for American listeners since it is the first time the head of the Catholic Church has used the radio for a plea in behalf of the church's mission work.

The broadcast will be Pope Pius' second personal message to America since the European war. His last broadcast to the United States helped observe the 50th anniversary of the Catholic University of America (November 13, 1939).

The day following the broadcast is Mission Sunday, dedicated by the late Pius XI to promote aims of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith throughout the world. This work is directed by Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, former apostolic delegate to this country and now prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.



# Little Crusader

Marie Butler Coffey

MARTHA CARROLL sat at the kitchen table helping Patricia polish the silver. Now and then she cast an eye at the curly-haired baby on the floor crooning to his plush rabbit. Patricia was chattering away hap-

"Theresa will York to live Jack," she a promotion ten dollars a Which means able to go into much sooner than we expected. And I guess we'll buy a new car."

Martha looked around Patricia's lovely white kitchen and sighed. The bright room with its accents of soft green was as perfect in its way as Patricia was in hers. The white sink with its immense drain-board, the white cupboards with shiny glass doors through which Pat's dishes in precise rows peeped across delicate lace doilies. White mechanical refrigerator. White tables and chairs. Green knobs on everything and green borders on the towels and window curtains.

"I don't see how you can work in an office all day and keep this place looking like a picture in a magazine," Martha said tiredly.

It was good management and the luxury of two substantial salaries, Martha supposed, that permitted this surprising young daughter of hers to have a six-course dinner for eight people practically prepared in oven and ice-box—and she had been home less than an hour. Patricia really was a marvel.

"It's not much trouble to keep the apartment orderly when there's nobody around to clutter things up. Just Edgar and me at night," Patricia added.

The small boy suddenly staggered to his feet and stumbled across the room to lay his head on the girl's lap.

"What is it, sweet?" she asked tenderly. Her hand, straying through his curls, stopped abruptly. "Why, Mother, his head is on fire! He must have a fever. I wonder if Elise knew?"

Martha lifted the child into her lap. "Oh, my, yes. You are sick, aren't you, Davey?" The little head rolled against her arm and the blue eyes closed tiredly. "When did Elise bring him in?"

be going on to New after she marries said, "so that means for me—and about week more salary. Edgar should be business for himself

"Just before you came. She said she had to go to the store and she was in a hurry. She asked if I'd mind looking after him until she came back."

The door opened at that moment and Elise Kenyon, tall, dark, eternally breathless, bustled in.

"Davey is sick, Elise," Patricia said worriedly to her friend.

Elise sighed and wilted into a chair. "Yes, I know. He's had a bad cold for over a week."

"But he has a fever now, Elise," said Martha. "I'd get him home and into bed just as quickly as possible. It wouldn't be a bad idea to have Dr. Burne look at him."

Patricia was sweet with the baby, buttoning him into his little coat, kissing his hot little forehead and asking when he was coming to see Patty again.

"When are you going to have one of your own?" Martha asked her after Elise had gone.

Patricia laughed. "Oh, some day," she said carelessly.

Martha gave her daughter a long look. "It just sort of worries me, dear," she said gently.

Patricia stopped polishing an exquisite silver server and raised her eyes questioningly. "What worries you, Mother?"

Martha began making little pleats in her flower-sprigged apron. "Well," she began, with the half-shy hesitancy of her generation, "you've been married three years now. When

I'd been married three years I had you and Margaret. Aren't you and Edgar including children in your plans?"

Patricia laughed and reached her dainty hand with its shining rose tips to pat her mother's work-worn hand. "Of

course, Mother, some day," I'm thirty or a successful

To hide her Martha's

dropped to in her plump,

"Well, but—mered, "I don't ing to man-

she said. "When so and Edgar is business man."

shocked surprise faded blue eyes the polishing cloth dimpled hand. but, Pat," she stammered, "I don't see how you're going to manage—"

Patricia smiled. "Mother, you're not very modern," she said. "Of course I'll manage. Why, all our friends have planned their lives just as we have. It's silly not





to. None of us intend to have children until we can afford them."

"What about Elise Kenyon?" Martha asked. "Did she plan for little David?"

"Well, no," Patricia admitted. "But David is sweet. We girls all borrow him when we feel maternal. Elise doesn't intend to have any more for four years. Then she may have a little girl."

Patricia, with her round little Madonna face and aureole of bronze curls, suddenly seemed like a stranger to her mother. But even though she was appalled at the calm philosophy of this child of hers, Martha had to smile. "Well, Elise has certainly planned things to suit herself," she admitted. "But, Pat darling," she added soberly, "I hope in all your smug planning you and your friends haven't forgotten the teachings of your Faith."

"Mother," said Patricia, amused, "You're just old-fashioned. You take life much too seriously."

Martha sighed and threw out her hands helplessly. "I wonder," she said. Then taking her courage in both hands, she began again. "What if ten years from now, or fifteen, or twenty, something happens to Edgar?"

Patricia whitened but she did not answer.

"I hope that won't happen to you, dear," Martha said gently. "It did to me. After your father went I believe I'd have lost my mind if it hadn't been for you children. You and Margaret were on your first jobs so you could help with expenses. Tommy and Jack were at the naughty boy stage that kept me constantly busy and anxious. And Eleanor was at the comforting baby age. I'll never forget that first Christmas with the empty chair and no heart in me for anything. And then two days before that Margaret and Tommy came down with the measles and we were shut away from the world entirely."

Patricia smiled. "It's funny, but that's one of the few Christmases I remember vividly. Jack and I didn't get the measles and we were so determined not to be cheated out of our tree that the two of us stole out through the garden and down the railroad track to the wild cedar grove."

"And me with my heart in my mouth every minute," said Martha, shuddering. "Those dreadful railroad tracks!"

"We came home singing, each of us carrying a tree, so Marg and Tommy could have one in their sick room too. And we sat up until all hours making colored paper ornaments and stringing pop-corn enough to trim the two trees. All that extra work saved the day for Jack and me."

"Well, there you are," Martha put in quickly. "What would I have done without my children? What would you have done just then without your brothers and sisters?"

"I know," Patricia agreed, softened.

The telephone shrieked through their reminiscences and Pat frowned as she reached for it. "Hello? Oh, yes, Elise. . . He is? Oh, I'm sorry! I hope it's noth-

ing serious. . . Of course not, dear. Well, don't worry. I'll just set my table for six. By-by, 'lise."

Patricia's mood changed magically during that short conversation. There's an example for you," she said crossly, turning to her mother. "David isn't feeling well, so Elise and Mark can't come tonight. It spoils their fun and disrupts my dinner plans."

Martha sighed as she folded her polishing cloth and laid it beside the pile of gleaming silver. "It's after five," she said quietly. "I must go home and get the children's supper ready."

"Wish you were staying for my dinner party, Mother," Patricia deprecated, but she jumped up, quite obviously relieved that her mother had ceased lecturing her. Patricia had some very firm convictions regarding her ability to "live her own life" and her manner suggested she meant to tolerate no interference in her own and Edgar's rosy design for living.

Martha felt old and drained and tired as she made her way through the hurrying late afternoon crowds down Clover Avenue. You work for your children and teach them, she thought wearily, give them every advantage, only to wake up one day to the fact that the opinions of the world in which they move have more influence with them than a mother with all her yearning and prayers.

"If somebody came to me and said Jack or Tommy was a thief I couldn't be any more shocked than I am about Patricia," she muttered to herself miserably.

Eleanor came dashing down the street, her cheeks the color of her red blazer, curls and eyes shining, deliciously young with her strap of school books swinging. At sight of her her mother's spirits lifted.

"Been over to Pat's, Mother?" she asked breathlessly. "Marg said she's throwing a party for some of her high-hat friends tonight."

Martha smiled at the slang. "What happened at school today?" she asked.

"Oh, Angeline Vesuvius erupted again this afternoon," said Eleanor.

"Eleanor! you must not speak so disrespectfully of Sister Angeline Veronica!" Martha admonished, but she listened with avid interest to her daughter's piquant account of her troubled day.

Margaret was home ahead of them. Tall and dark and pretty in her gay red dress, she greeted them cheerfully. She was setting the table with the red-checked table cloth and fringed napkins and red and white dishes.

"I've started supper, Mother," she said. "Everything's going but the chops. I suppose Pat is being very grand tonight at her party."

Martha nodded. "I met her little colored waitress going up the stairs as I came down. The money Pat's spending on that one meal would put a child through his first year at school."

Margaret glanced at her oddly and started to ask a question but just at that moment there was a scuffling on the porch and a banging of doors that shook the little house and Tommy and Jack were there. Big,

handsome, black-haired boys with Irish eyes, lively and talkative and noisy.

As Martha sat down in the cozy dining room with her four she thought of Patricia, sleek and lovely in her satin dinner gown, sitting at her beautifully appointed table, chattering inanely with a group of people she merely wished to impress.

"I wouldn't change places with her for anything in the world," Martha thought. "But I don't want Pat to miss the real things in life. I don't want her to miss *this*." Her eyes swept around her simple table from one animated face to the other. There was a silent prayer of thanksgiving in her heart.

They had washed the dishes and settled themselves in the living room for the evening. Eleanor and Jack with their school books, Tommy with his stamp collection, Margaret with the evening paper and Martha with her mending, when they were startled by a frantic rapping at the door. Eleanor jumped up and ran to greet the late caller.

Elise Kenyon, wild-eyed and disheveled, stood on the threshold. "Mrs. Carroll, will you please come over?" she begged, her lips shaking. "It's David." Her voice quivered on the loved little name, like a harp string touched by a careless hand.

"Why, of course," Martha said at once. "You poor child, pull yourself together. What happened to the little fellow?"

Elise had grown up with Patricia and was like one of her own.

"I don't know what it is," Elise quavered. "Marc thinks it's convulsions. He telephoned Dr. Burne, but I couldn't sit there and wait. I thought you'd know what to do."

Martha snatched her old brown coat from the hall rack and hurried out into the autumn darkness. There was a moon, round and yellow as a new penny, shining through bare branches. The air was clear and cold and Martha's breath flew ahead of her in little white puffs as she panted down the street after the flying figure of the terrified young mother.

Inside the Kenyons' little white house with the pert red shutters, they found Mary and the doctor bending over little David's crib. The baby was blue with his gasping effort to breathe. Fear smote Martha as she looked at him. She and Dr. Burne immediately went to work, but the grimness of desperation lined their faces.

"Call up Pat and tell her to come over here at once," Martha said to the young father as she passed him once pacing the dim little hall. "Tell her Elise needs her."

When Patricia came hurrying in, in answer to that peremptory summons, Martha had time only to nod to her. A moment later she saw Elise sobbing against the black velvet evening cape that looked so out of place in the tragic quiet of the little house. The two

young women, clinging together for comfort, stood in the shadows watching the grim fight. Martha knew how the little golden-haired boy had entwined himself about Patricia's heart in the two short years of his life. She caught her lip between her teeth as she watched the three of them huddled together, for Marc was standing beside Elise now, her hand gripped in his. They seemed so young and helpless to have this happening to them. For in her heart Martha feared it was a losing fight.

There was a last exciting moment of desperate effort on the part of the doctor and then a sickening silence that seemed to shriek through the quiet room. Dr. Burne stepped back from the small bed and looked at Martha. He shook his head and blinked his eyes, like a person who has been swimming under water. There was a roaring in Martha's ears. She heard Elise utter a sharp cry and Marc's soothing voice breaking on a dry sob.

She looked around and directly behind her stood Patricia with a stricken look in her lovely eyes. "Mother—" she quavered.

At every crisis in her life for the past twenty-five years Martha Carroll had had to forget herself; to put forth that herculean effort that pulled her outside herself, so she might be the bulwark of strength her family needed. She sighed now and whispered, "Come, Pat," with a steady arm around the girl's quivering shoulders.

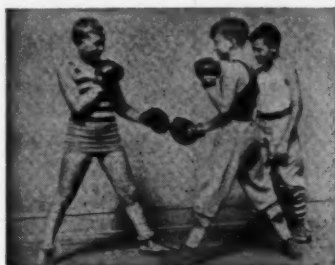
They stood together at the window of Marc's little study looking at the beauty of moonlight on bare lawns and hedges and the shadowy expanse of quiet street. Patricia was trembling. She was all one excruciating ache—for Elise, for Marc, for their empty crib. Martha knew. But she thought, flinching, "Now. I have to hurt her more, but now is the time."

"Well, dear," she began gently, "do you see now what has become of Elise's brave plans? Don't you see that our lives are in the hands of God and that *His* plans are the only ones that count? If Elise had that little brother or sister of David's now she would not be quite so desolate."

Patricia stiffened. She was silent for a long moment. Then her face crumpled and the tears came. "Yes, Mother, I know," she said. "I guess Elise and Helen and the rest of us aren't so smart after all. But you don't need to worry about me any more. This—this—I never dreamed—and as for the other girls," she added, pulling herself together and dabbing at her wet eyes, "they always sort of looked to me for leadership, don't you know they did, Mother?"

Martha smiled. "Yes, little crusader," she thought happily, "they always looked to you for leadership. But probably they never guessed Who was leading you. Only a mother's heart and a mother's prayers would understand that. You'll understand yourself some day, please God, my Patty."

# School of Hard Knocks



## Joseph F. Berger

**J**OHNNY WEBSTER had an idea, a socking good idea.

And in his own two-fisted way Johnny put that idea across to more than a hundred boys.

Rather the husky, light-stepping, rippling-muscled Idaho University junior, had the boys put the idea across to themselves in a flurry of flying padded gloves.

"Give a kid a chance to do what he wants within reason under proper supervision and your juvenile delinquency problem is bound to solve itself. That's a bromide, I know, but somehow we generally miss the point when we undertake to straighten out some wayward lad," Johnny remarked as he launched the first community boxing school in Altoona, Pa., last summer.

"Let them knock the devil out of each other now and the courts won't have a chance to try to do it behind bars after it's too late," was the belief on which he laid the foundation for his School of Hard Knocks.

Smiling and enthusiastic, helpful and eager, he would delight in watching a group of his boys absorb the art of give and take, the thud of glove upon glove and the smack as one of those gloves was driven home to the accompaniment of a grunt.

"Get up," he'd tell a sprawling youth, "and hand it right back to him. No one ever got any place lying on his back. And the next time don't lead with your nose."

Johnny, who received his early education in the St. Leo parish school in Altoona, has little of the pugilist in him although he holds the national intercollegiate light heavyweight championship. The cauliflower ear, flattened nose, knock-em-down-drag-em-out air, has no part in his makeup.

And that applies also to Johnny's two aides, Victor Fiore and Henry Seveno, two Catholic Altoonans who are members of the Pennsylvania State College varsity boxing team. Some day the two of them hope to be electrical engineers, but during the summer they evinced a keen interest in the experiment which was born when Webster was a high school boxer.



Johnny Webster, national intercollegiate light heavyweight champion, smiles as he walks victorious from the ring after a bout in which he represented Idaho University.

"As a boy I ran with a rather tough crowd and we got into a lot of scrapes with the result I barely missed arrest several times," Johnny relates just a bit sadly. "Then I went to high school and became interested in the game—I was pretty husky even then. After that I spent my evenings in a gym and not on the streets.

"Because of what might have happened to me I wanted to help boys walk the straight and narrow from the outset. I don't care who he is, a laborer's son or the pampered offspring of the city's wealthiest man, he deserves the same chance for his white alley."

But Johnny's background during and after his high school days was more or less a training for his entry into the field of boy-ology, although he fails to see it that way.

A minister's interest in him was the spark which eventually lighted his footsteps toward the college career that has already given him his share of athletic and scholastic prominence. From counselor in Columbian Squire and YMCA boys' units he stepped into boys' camps and clubs and his interest in the underprivileged and the neglected grew apace.

Curious, he went behind the scenes but his studies were desultory and yielded nothing because he was afraid to act. He believed to assume single handed work which has always taken much time, money and the prestige of recognized authorities on delinquency and welfare agencies would be the height of folly.

But the idea kept bobbing up in his mind until he felt that he would either have to put it to work or forget it entirely. It was a crucial decision—wishful thinking and good intentions never solved any problem, he was aware—so the idea materialized, took active form and a hundred boys started on the preliminary road to clean living, social co-operation and discipline.

**A family affair.** Tom and Bill Costlow, members of Sacred Heart parish, Altoona, square off for a lesson in defense as Johnny Webster, center, gives the brothers a few pointers. Victor Fiore, right, and Henry Seveno, left, look on.



Tentative plans were launched after Johnny, home just a few days on his summer vacation, watched a crowd of 'teen aged lads lounging on a curb stone. "The devil finds work for idle hands to do" was an adage with which he was familiar, but, he reasoned, if those hands were folded into fists trouble would be hard to hold.

A series of interviews with priests, ministers, rabbis, newspapermen, social and recreational workers followed; the plan met with instantaneous and almost unanimous approval. And Johnny was encouraged. But he found that since the plan entailed work and organization he would have to do it himself. At least, most of it.

It was one thing, he discovered, to win the interest and approbation of the authorities and another to stir them into action.

"There's no delinquency in my church," one minister told him.

Johnny snorted when he thought of that remark later. "Of course not," he opined, "there's none in any church. You'll find it on the street corners."

Then the plan was laid before Rev. Francis A. McNelis, superintendent of the Altoona diocesan schools and father prior of Bishop McCort circle, No. 181, Columbian Squires. The priest, noted for his interest in youth movements, aided Johnny in the formulation of a program. Among other things this is what they decided should be the basis of the experiment:

Purpose—clean living, physical, mental, moral.

Social co-operation—attitudes and interest.

American discipline—initiative, responsibility, perseverance.

A talk with city officials and with the district WPA recreational director, who gave his unqualified approval to the plan and agreed to furnish all necessary equipment, paved the way for the opening of the school. Newspapers co-operated, sent out the first call for students.

And they came—from both sides of the tracks.

An enthusiastic and polyglot mixture of boys bubbled over before the 21-year old instructor whom west coast sports writers dubbed the Cinderella Man because he was able, after only a three day training period, to go into the ring and decision a Washington State boxer in a bout the Idaho Vandals sorely needed.

Sparkling-eyed Negro boys mingled with the rough and ready Irish, the Jew, the Polish, the German and the American. Little boys and big ones, puny-muscle and the strong, registered at the three centers Johnny had established in the city.

One mother brought her two sons, the oldest not more than ten, and expressed the hope they would



learn to handle themselves like gentlemen. Incidentally, they did. A community and civic leader visited one of the centers, learned its purpose, and later his son was fraternizing with those not usually associated with his social level.

"Some of my boys never had a chance," Johnny points out. "You could readily see that when you looked them over. We tried to put some honest backbone in them if it was possible; trained them to be self reliant, resourceful and to win honestly."

The collegian always hastens to add. "We had no intention to train the boys to be fighters or common street brawlers. Really. Boxing is something else again. It's straight science from the word go. No, we haven't turned out any punch drunk fodder for amateur shows."

Johnny referred to a six-foot, good looking youth, not more than nineteen, who had enrolled. A tool for matchmakers, he had fought in several amateur bouts and been knocked out twice. And as Johnny put it, "he didn't know his left hand from his right and had less experience than the youngest boy on the rolls."

No more amateur fights for that lad; he's boxing now with a view to building his character as well as his physique.

In putting across this new approach to an old problem much more than the manly art of self-defense was stressed.

Slugging was not tolerated. And if a haymaker was uncorked in the excitement of a practice session, a contrite "I'm sorry, Bud" was forthcoming or a sharp lecture on the value of courtesy and sportsmanship was read to the offender.

It was "Mr." Webster, "Mr." Fiore or "Mr." Seveno who answered the questions or demonstrated a lightning right cross. The moral lessons the boys learned unconsciously were varied and practical. They learned by doing because the instructors cordially ignored the dry as dust harangues on social adjustment, behaviorism and kindred topics.

Because boys will be boys in school and out the paths of the teachers were not exactly rose strewn on the opening day. Confidence had to be instilled in youthful minds that were suspicious and doubtful, and the snooty ones had to be cajoled into being friendly with their less fortunate confreres.

On one side of the track the spirit was democratic but a plutocratic fringe on the sunny side threatened the permanent establishment of a center. Twenty boys in the high rent district signed for the course but a bedlam of heckling from the youthful wiseacres on the sidelines kept the enrollees sniggering and uncertain.

"I've had my troubles in the ring, plenty of them, but the jeers of those kids was a challenge I couldn't ignore," Johnny recalled. "And it was all I could do to keep from wading into the pack."

But he didn't. Instead he smiled and began on the fundamentals and when the sideline crowd saw that the position of the feet was as important as a bulging bicep, that to move like a ballet dancer was as essential as a hard left hook, they moved sheepishly into the select circle one by one.

Once the barriers, social and otherwise, that only boys can erect among themselves were down, co-operation became a watch word. "A sound mind in a sound body" was no longer a high sounding and meaningless phrase but rather the knockout point to be reached through the medium of scientifically guided fists.

And now Johnny looks ahead with the same hopeful spirit in which he looked back into the realm of his boyhood. Where once wishful thinking fostered only inaction, a new source of constructive thought and ambition entwines around the tendrils of his life—and those of his boys.

It's a far cry from the day the six-foot, 175 pound freshman climbed into the ring to fight his first bout for Idaho University to his top flight performance as a dark horse in the intercollegiate championship lists—but it's an inspiring cry.

And the gap between the plaudits of national acclaim to the outdoor classes of the School of Hard Knocks is a short one, but productive of renewed faith and hope for numerous boys.

The championship meant something more than a gold medal, the boxing gloves worn in the final bout, the major "I" sweater and a foot-high trophy. It meant that a hundred boys would start along the straight and narrow road because they were taught to realize from example that the hard way sometimes can be the best way after all.

Johnny and his helpers do not profess to believe they have solved the juvenile delinquency problem in Altoona; rather, they like to believe they have laid the foundations for a hundred respected and useful lives.

Reckoned in dollars and cents—or trophies—the material remuneration the collegians received for their never flagging interest in their charges was exactly nothing.

"I've seen boys who had nothing to smile about or whose environment bred only twisted derisive grins laugh happily because they were happy in doing something they liked to do.

"You can't peel a laugh from a roll or turn a smile into a loving cup," Johnny said. "Why, I owe those kids a debt myself."

# Echoes from *OUR ABBEY HALLS*

September 10—the end of the summer vacation. Again the powerful appeal of Christ's "Come follow Me" drew large numbers of students to our Major and Minor Seminary. Another school year brings nearer the goal of the Holy Priesthood. Our boys returned with a marked eagerness to complete the years of study required for ordination. In both departments there are many new students. The Major Seminary has 132 and the enrollment for the Minor Seminary is 191. At St. Meinrad's the new school year always opens with the special blessing of the Holy Spirit. The entire student body assembled for the first time this school year on Wednesday morning, September 11, to assist at the Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit. That same evening Father Abbot Ignatius addressed the students and set the goal for the year's work. Pontifical Benediction closed the program for the first day of the 1940-41 term. Thursday morning the students and professors were again in the class rooms. St. Meinrad's Seminary again prepares the future leaders in Catholic education.

The life of a Benedictine Abbey daily reflects the spirit of Holy Church. As good children, the monks follow the guiding example of Mother Church. The joy of a feast day echoes at meals, at recreation and in the whole life of the monks. Benedictines have preserved the ideals and spirit of flourishing Catholic life when the Church gave her religious spirit to social and family life. In our monastery the feast is celebrated all day and throughout the house, not just at Mass and in church.

From the altar of the daily High Mass and the choir of Divine Office the fragrance of the day pervades the whole cloister. There is an air of reverence and prayer in the monastic refectory. The monks are reminded that at the Last Supper in the upper room Christ performed the Holy Sacrifice at the paschal meal of the Jews. Christians of the early centuries joined their "love feasts" to the celebration of Holy Mass. Monastic custom preserved this relation between altar and refectory—one nourishing the soul with the Bread of Life, the other refreshing the body with the bread of this earth. The long prayers that the monks recite at meals are based on the spirit of the season's liturgy. But the voice of the Church is always the voice of song. She sings at her eucharistic repast of Holy Mass, she also sings at the daily meals of her children. For years the monks of St. Meinrad's Abbey have recited these prayers. Recently Father Abbot Ignatius introduced the practice of chanting the table prayers. The simple Gregorian melody adds a spirit of reverence to our refectory. Before and after meals at dinner and supper the monks alternate their chant with Father Abbot and the Father who blesses the food. At noon the Psalm "Miserere" is sung as the monks walk in procession to the Church. There before the altar the final verses of the prayers after meals are chanted. This custom of singing our prayers in the refectory brings the conventual life of the Abbey closer to the spirit of Holy Church and the best monastic traditions.

The past month brought changes to our sick list—some happy releases from hospital confinement and some disappointments. After a seven months' rest cure in St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, Kentucky, Father Hugh is again at the Abbey. The rest did its work. Father is now able to resume his duties in the Science Department of the Minor Seminary as instructor in Physics.

Another St. Meinrad's name has also been checked from the Infirmary list. An attack of tuberculosis confined Frater Malachy to the hospital for seventeen months. Now the doctor has signed our patient's release. We were happy to welcome Frater Malachy back to our monastic family. He will resume his studies in the Major Seminary.

Unfortunately, we have sent substitutes for these "recovered" monks. Father Luke was taken to St. Mary's Hospital in Evansville, Indiana, for medical observation and treatment. Father's advanced age of ninety-one years makes it difficult to prevent complications.

Brother Alexius, our faithful nurse and infirmarian, was forced to change his occupation from nurse to patient. He is suffering from a large boil on his neck. Brother is also at St. Mary's Hospital.

Perhaps we anticipated too soon our good news of Father Martin's recovery. He recently suffered a relapse. The skin irritation that caused him such trouble in the summer has again broken out on both feet. Father Martin is now taking treatments at St. Joseph's Infirmary.

## MAJOR SEMINARY

Enrollment 132

Rector—Fr. Anselm

Vice-Rector—Fr. Gabriel

Spiritual Director—Fr. Martin

*Father Subprior*

Education 1  
School Adm. 5  
Sociology 2

*Father Anselm*

Catechetics 6  
Ascetical Th. 1-6  
Homiletics 5  
Homiletics 4

*Father Andrew*

Pastoral 6

*Father Albert*

Dogma 5-6  
Homiletics 6  
Bibl. Hist. 1-2  
Bibl. Geog. 1

*Father Eberhard*

Moral Th. 6  
Moral Th. 3-5  
Liturgy 6  
Psalms 1-5

*Father Cyril*

Introduction 3-5  
Liturgy 5  
Church Hist. 1-3

*Father Meinrad*  
Exegesis 5-6  
Science 1

*Father Gregory*  
German 6

*Father Gabriel*  
Philosophy 1  
Philosophy 2  
Hist. of Ph. 2

*Father Bernard*  
Canon Law 4-5  
Hebrew 2

*Father Rudolph*  
Chant 1-6

*Father Patrick*  
Dogma 3-4  
Exegesis 3-5  
Apologetics 1-2

*Father Bernardine*  
Homiletics 3  
Liturgy 4

*Mr. Leo Diehl*  
Bookkeeping 6

# MINOR SEMINARY

Enrollment 191

Rector—Fr. Stephen Vice-Rector—Fr. Aemilian Spiritual Director—Fr. Meinrad

*Father Prior*  
Poetry 5-6

*Father Subprior*  
Algebra 1  
Civics 3

*Father Stephen*  
Religion 2  
Religion 4  
Chant 1-6

*Father Aemilian*  
Latin 3  
English 1  
Lit. Society 1-2

*Father Cyril*  
Mod. History 6

*Father Meinrad*  
Religion 1  
Religion 3  
Health 1-2

*Father Hilary*  
Latin 5  
Sp. Latin 5  
Newman 5-6  
English 3

*Father Gregory*  
German 6

*Father Jerome*  
English Lit. 4  
Lit. Society 5-6  
Geometry 2

*Father Bernard*  
Latin 6  
Greek 4

*Father Gilbert*  
Latin 2  
Greek 5  
Greek 6

*Father Dunstan*  
Latin 4  
Anc. History 1  
Phys. Educ. 1-2

*Father Rudolph*  
German 5

*Father Cornelius*  
Am. History 3  
Publ. Speaking 6

*Father Patrick*  
Sp. Latin 4

*Father Hugh*  
Physics 4

*Father Bernardine*  
Religion 5-6  
Pub. Speaking 5  
Elocution 4

*Father Clement*  
English 2  
Elocution 1  
Elocution 2  
Elocution 3

*Father Gerard*  
Latin 1  
Sp. Latin 3

*Father Edmund*  
Sp. Latin 2

*Father Dennis*  
Biology 2

*Father Brendan*  
Mathematics 5  
Economics 3

# ST. PLACID HALL

Director—Fr. Joachim

Asst. Director—Fr. Philip

*Father Gregory*  
Mathematics

*Father Claude*  
Science 1

*Father Joachim*  
Latin 1  
Religion 2-3  
English 2

*Father Philip*  
Religion 1

*Father Clement*  
English 1

# MARMION MILITARY ACADEMY

Aurora, Illinois Enrollment 385

Headmaster—Fr. Joseph

Superintendent—Fr. Norbert

*Rev. Joseph Battaglia, O.S.B.*  
Religion II  
English II

*Rev. Benedict Brown, O.S.B.*  
Religion I  
Latin III & IV

*Rev. Damian Preske, O.S.B.*  
Religion IV  
English I  
Economics

*Rev. Hubert Umberg, O.S.B.*  
Religion III  
English I

*Rev. Robert Morthorst, O.S.B.*  
Religion II  
English II  
English IV

*Rev. Raymond Hubers, O.S.B.*  
Treasurer  
Religion II  
English II & III

*Rev. Columban Reed, O.S.B.*  
Religion I  
Spanish I & II  
Bookkeeping  
Shorthand

*Rev. Wilfrid Popham, O.S.B.*  
Commandant of Cadets  
Latin II

*Rev. Leonard Lux, O.S.B.*  
Religion I  
Latin I  
World History

*Rev. Alcuin Deck, O.S.B.*  
Religion I  
Latin II

*Rev. Sebastian Crow, O.S.B.*  
General Science  
Religion II  
Latin I  
World History  
American History

*Major Lester M. Barnhill*  
P.M.S. & T.

*Captain Joseph Averdick*  
Adv. Algebra & Trigonometry  
Physics  
Chemistry

*Captain Theodore Haugland*  
Physics  
Music

*Captain Henry M. Fallon*  
Algebra  
Commercial Arithmetic  
Commercial Geography

*Captain George Ireland*  
Director of Athletics  
American Government  
Civics  
Sociology  
American History

*Captain Andrew Dunn*  
Natural Science  
Mechanical Drawing  
General Science  
Military Science & Tactics

*Captain Albert Furman*  
Plane Geometry  
Algebra  
General Mathematics

*Sergeant Harold K. Horton*  
Military Science & Tactics

# Out of the Mouths of Babes

Frances Denham



**I**T WAS Kiva Bardsley—a thin, scared little girl from old England that taught us something, or rather reminded us of a lesson we already knew—but it happened like this.

When Marcia and Philip lost their Danny it nearly killed them, but it hurt me almost as bad as it hurt them. You are thinking that is a pretty strong statement for me, just Nurse, to make, but you see I had been Nursie to Marcia when she herself was a baby. Always I had lived with her in her father's home and when she married Philip it was just taken for fact that I was to be a fixture in their household. Good thing I did too because Marcia would have been lost when Danny came if I hadn't been there. I taught him his first prayers—I saw him leave the romper stage and get in knickers and white shirts like his father's.

Those were happy happy days for all of us—every day it seemed running over with happiness, laughter, and blessed contentment. Well and

then Danny left us—left us suddenly. Marcia went around not seeming to know where she was, nor what she was doing. Her face was an ashen mask. Her lusterless eyes, in great darkened sockets, stared at bloodless hands, idle in her lap. Philip moved about like an old man, paying no attention even to Marcia. I could hear him walking aimlessly through the rooms, or on the garden paths. Well after I didn't have Danny to care for I had a lot of time to sit and think. I thought about happiness—our dead happiness. The thought came to me that happiness was like a great bouquet of lush roses. Of course one can get a lot of fragrance if one will just bury his head in the flowers—but there is a lot of the aroma that will escape. Yet one may take just one rose from that bouquet and find wonderful heady fragrance—all that can be breathed at one time. That was a strange little idea for one to have—to be sure but I had prayed to our Blessed Mother to provide some way for me to get the awful look out of the eyes of Marcia and to take the sag out of the young, fine shoulders of Philip. Their idea was that there was no fragrance to be had if they did not have a whole bouquet of flowers in which to bury their heads.

Now Danny—and he was only ten—was never selfish and I knew Danny would not want his mother and father to think of him as the whole bouquet. I had talked with Danny a lot and I knew pretty well how Danny would have felt about that—but I did not know how I was ever going to be able to talk to his folks about it—funny I should have felt that way for I have scolded Marcia—and Philip too—since they have been grown.

Well I loved those two hurt ones so much I knew that I had to talk sternly to them—but I talked very tenderly about them to Our Mother,

who knew deep sorrow so intimately, and who listened with healing and comfort in her hearing.

"Marcia—we are in America—we are in a lovely home. I see and hear that there are some—even little ones, who do not have those blessings. Why can't we share with them—why can't we bring a little homeless somebody here with us?"

"Oh Nursie—replace Danny—I thought that you loved him"—and she buried her face in her hands.

Well Marcia couldn't have hurt me more had she struck me—but courage, understanding, tolerance for me, I prayed.

It was strange but in a day or so Philip had a letter from a British friend of his—a Captain Bardsley, who had a little daughter Kiva. The convent where she had gone to school had been evacuated and he was asking Philip if he might send her to him and Marcia for the duration of the war.

It was arranged and Kiva was with us. She was thirteen—a rather sorry age for a little girl trying to impress new parents—in the first place her features did not have the beauty of Danny—but she was sweet with lovely eyes that had a deep clear look in them—and I loved her. Well I won't go into all of the little details and all of the acts of her that endeared her to Marcia and Philip but she did it. Of course it was a little slow—maybe that's why I had to make my love for her sort of a Niagara Falls in character. She needed love and understanding, for her father was a Captain and at a deadly war.

The hills, the moors, the countryside she loved were in peril. Maybe that's why she looked at our peaceful little peaks and valleys with a far away look in her eyes. Perhaps, sometimes when she saw a fleeting star leave its place in the heaven and take a little nose dive, that's



why she would close her eyes—she may have been thinking of fiery bombs that might at any moment shatter her homeland. She didn't talk a great deal about it—but sometimes she talked of her beloved Sister Cecelia at the convent that was now closed.

Well Philip began to notice the world going on. He sat by his radio sometimes now with Kiva. Marcia Mamma—that's what Kiva called her—had begun to plan about entering Kiva in St. Agnes Academy at the opening of the fall term. My family had begun righting itself and my little world had started turning again on its dear mundane axis and I was thankful.

Philip talked some with Kiva about the war. She told him how strong England was, how strong France was—and that the war would be over soon. All was going to be all right.

And then one night Philip, Marcia, and Kiva were about the radio. The news had come that France was capitulating—and then the news that

France had surrendered. Philip was himself again—Marcia looked frightened when Philip declared that with France out of the fight all would be lost for England—England would be defeated and with England whipped America and all that she stood for was in danger, and all was lost and that was that. Well I knew about prayer—and thought about suggesting it—but I didn't. I just sat silent and scared inside. Kiva was still listening intently to the war news. She heard that France had accepted terms written on thirty pieces of paper, drawn up by her conqueror.

Kiva looked at the worried faces. "Sister Cecelia, I remember, told us another story of a betrayal for thirty pieces of silver."

We all just looked at the little girl.

"Sister said that all looked pretty dark for awhile—that our Blessed Mother wept because of a betrayal and a crucifixion of Her Son—but after that you know came a victory—and a resurrection, and Easter." The little voice was brave with hope

—and the rest of us felt a new surge of happiness and courage.

Philip placed his hand tenderly on her head—while Marcia dragged the little girl to her lap—well to me it almost seemed—reverently. I couldn't do much—I sat there and my eyes were filling pretty fast. It had taken a little girl, whose heart must have been heavy, to remind us that the force of evil—no matter how powerful or how apparently victorious—won't ever win.

Well there were tears now splashing unashamed out of my eyes down to my white organdy apron. And I—the competent nurse—who had spent a good bit of my time reminding the children to always carry a clean kerchief—found myself without the sign of one. I was glad though, for it gave me a chance to hurry to my room. I wanted to say a prayer for the convent—perhaps its doors were closed now—perhaps they might never again open—but a lesson taught within its walls had opened eyes—lent courage—and brightened faith.

## GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

### SALVE OR SALVO?



"Fill the waterpots with water."  
—St. John 2:7

THE study of the origin and meaning of words is intensely interesting. Take the word "salve," for instance. This word means "hail" or "good morning!" It is derived from the Latin word "salvere"—to be well. There are different ways of saying "good morning!" It may be done by a few cheerful words or by a discharge of guns. In the latter case such volleys of infantry fire are called a "salvo."

Look in on the family in the average home when the breakfast toast is browning and the head of the house comes in with his morning greeting. Is it a "salve" or a "salvo"? Is it a greeting that introduces another day of marital peace and happiness, or is it a salute that announces another day of the family's perpetual war? Both words are derived from the same stem. Either can win out. Which of the two shall win out over the other will depend on how well the master has learned the meaning of another little word—"obey." This word is derived from the Latin prefix—"ob"—meaning "against" or "in the direction of," and audire—to hear or listen to. When a person obeys he "bends his ear" towards someone outside himself. The petty tyrant tries to make his wishes supreme, for he has no ear for the wishes of others, whilst the obedient, the victorious-over-self man, shows his true greatness by listening and fulfilling the desires of others. Mutual obedience among the members of a family is the "salve"—in the sense of a "soothing ointment"—that heals all marital misunderstandings. Was it the prompt obedience of the servants at Cana, who filled the water pots up to the brim, that was responsible for the changing of the water into wine? Mutual obedience, promised on the wedding day, which grows out of mutual respect, will change and perfect married life. Try it! You'll be intoxicated with joy.

# The QUEST for TRUTH

*Richard Felix, O.S.B.*

**Why are you Catholics not allowed to choose your own priests? We select our own ministers.**

The answer to this question involves the whole question of authority in matters religious. No one has a right to preach unless he has been duly authorized to do so. No one may truly carry on the work of the ministry unless he be a participator in the Priesthood of Jesus Christ and divinely commissioned to continue the work of the Apostles. The word Apostle means one who has been sent.

The authority established in the Church holds its commission directly from Christ (Hebr. 5:4; Titus 1:5). Christ chose the Twelve and charged them in His name to teach the nations (Matt. 28:19), to offer sacrifice (Luke 22:19), and to govern the flock (Matt. 18:18; John 21:17). They used the authority committed to them while they lived and before their death took measures for the perpetuation of this principle of government in the Church. The Pope, Bishops, and Priests of the Catholic Church exercise their powers and authority as successors of the men who were chosen and sent by Christ Himself (Acts 13:2). Their warrant is from above, not from below; their authority is received from the Shepherd, not from the sheep.

In this sense the government of the Church is not democratic. The very nature of the Church as a supernatural society leading men to a supernatural end demands supernatural authority. No man is capable of wielding divine authority unless it be communicated to him from a divine, not a human, source.

The case is quite different where civil society is concerned. There the end is not supernatural. It is the temporal well-being of the citizens. Hence, the Church approves equally all forms of civil government that are consonant with the principle of justice.

**How does one receive Divine Grace?**

In the first instance, Divine Grace is given to us in the Sacrament of Baptism. "According to His mercy,"

says St. Paul, "He saved us by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the Holy Ghost that, being justified by His Grace, we may be heirs of Life everlasting" (Titus 3:5). "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," said our Lord (John 3:5). Man begins his natural life in this world by being born according to the laws of nature; he begins his supernatural life in the Church by the spiritual birth of Baptism. By natural birth, he is of the race of Adam; by this spiritual birth, he is born of the race of Christ and made a Christian. All the rest of the Sacraments either increase Sanctifying Grace in the soul or restore it if lost by mortal sin. Prayer, good works, and the holy Sacrifice of the Mass are so many means to preserve and augment this Life of God in the soul of man.

**May one lose Divine Grace once he has acquired it?**

The supernatural gift of Divine Grace has been merited for us by the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. It is bestowed upon us by God the Holy Ghost, and may be lost by mortal sin. This fact alone gives us some idea of the heinousness and horrible nature of sin. Mortal sin is nothing less than the snuffing out of this Life of God in the soul of man. Venial sin does not wholly destroy this Life of God in the soul, but it does impair and greatly weaken it. The Sacrament of Penance, commonly called Confession, is one of the main means provided by our Lord to counteract the curse of sin and restore Supernatural Life to the soul, once it has been destroyed or diminished by sin.

For every man then the one thing of vital importance in this world is that he possess Divine Grace always. No question in our whole lives is quite so important as this. Our life on earth will be a success if at the moment of death we have in our soul Supernatural Life. Lacking this Life, our life on earth will be a failure eternally. Supernatural Life is the one and only passport that admits us into the presence and pos-

session of God. Without it, we simply cannot go to Heaven.

**Why do Catholics ask the Saints to intercede for you? Can you not go to God directly?**

Certainly, we can and do go directly to God. The crowds found daily at the Communion rail of the Catholic Church bear ample testimony to that. Often, however, it may be to our advantage to approach God not directly but through His Saints. The same principle obtains in human affairs. If I desire a favor of President Roosevelt, I may go to him directly and ask him for it, or I may approach him through our representative in Congress, or through some friend who knows the President personally. I will probably be more successful by the latter mode of procedure than by the former.

The Mother of Jesus and the Saints in Heaven are near and dear to the Sacred Heart. If they intercede for us, our chances of obtaining what we ask for are often much better than if we asked for it ourselves. After all, we belong to the same family of God, the Saints are our brothers in the Kingdom of the Blessed, and the Blessed Mother our Mother also. As members of a household pray every day for a prodigal son or for any member of the family far away, so the Blessed Mother and our brothers and sisters in glory think of us and pray to God to guide us and bless us and bring us home at last to their own joy and peace and happiness.

**Does the Catholic Church forbid marriage with a divorced person under all circumstances?**

The Church does not forbid marriage with a divorced person if the other party in the case is dead. But if the divorced husband or wife is still living, his wife or her husband cannot marry again. Divorced persons are really just as much married as if they had not been divorced, and are therefore incapable of another marriage until one of them dies. There is no such thing as divorce in the eyes of God.

# WHEN YOU HAVE an "Off Day"

L. E. Eubanks

NOT LONG AGO I had occasion to remark in talking about geometry that the straight line is an abomination to the Chinese, that they avoid it in their roads, pictures and architecture—everywhere they can, because in their minds the straight line is associated with death and demons.

My companion, somewhat discouraged at the time, replied that there might be another reason also—that a straight line to results in the attainment of human ambitions is so rare that perhaps the Chinese regarded even its physical aspect as unnatural.

Direct lines to success are indeed rare. There is no such thing as uninterrupted progress. In any kind of work for self-development, in business life, in virtually everything we attempt, there come times when a blank wall looms in our path, when perhaps we seem even to slip backward and lose in a day what it has required years to gain.

Then we weaken and give up. Possibly one more week, even one more day of struggle, would have brought the goal in sight. Fully half the failures in big aims could be traced to this weakness of regarding the temporary reverse as a decisive defeat. You and I would be appalled today if we knew the vast number of unnecessary failures—men and women who were deceived and cheated by the Moloch, Discouragement.

The fluctuations of progress cannot be definitely foreseen. Possibly there is a great law of regularity, a beautifully consistent rhythm, in what seems to us hopeless irregularity. Undeniably, cessation of effort means failure, failure in its most condemnable form. Persistence of effort may not bring success, but there is no failure while effort continues, and constructive effort of any kind brings strength.

Another fundamental fact is that the rate of advancement, in most forms of human development, slackens as we near perfection. Your gains from

the last year's study may seem slight as compared with what you learned in your first year, ten years ago; but if you give up because of that you will make a fatal mistake. You are measuring your progress on the percentile basis; your gain the first year was 100 per cent because you had it all to master.

Possibly you are a learned scholar in that subject now; and a year's work, even though it equaled the first year absolutely, would seem *relatively* small. Stack three bricks on a table and they seem high; but every one added will have less apparent effect. A crude example, but demonstrable.

A well known chess player, when a friend told him that he (the player) had reached his best, had even slipped back during the preceding year, replied that his faculties were merely resting, that he had only "backed up for a new start." Do not be too ready to say that you have reached your limit. The lax period that causes you so to decide may be just an off day—or an off week. Very few ever work themselves out, fully develop their potentialities.

You may be too close to your work to get the true perspective. A lecturer, on his sixth tour of this country, told an old friend that his oratorical powers had not improved a particle in three years but when, later in the day, the friend heard the address he easily saw decided gains. He saw the aggregate of the many minute gradations of improvement which, considered individually, had been imperceptible to the orator himself.

Unquestionably, our development of mentality, character, personality, etc., proceeds irregularly—or if it follows a system the laws surpass our mundane understanding. Power of application and receptivity vary far more in any individual than does physical strength. And this is not a mistake in Nature. It is a salutary restraint on the over-ambitious. What we commonly call irregularity

becomes rhythm by intelligent cultivation. One who studies the tides of his ability reduces chaos to system; he learns his "wave length," knows when it is high tide and saves time and energy by going with nature instead of against her.

Yesterday you quit your work or study in discouragement, perhaps disgust; today you are more optimistic and find your mind considerably more receptive. No harm has been done. But suppose that the ebb and flood are a matter of days instead of hours! Should you give up? No indeed. The pendulum of action and reaction, which makes up progress, has merely swung over to the latter—temporarily. Perhaps you are being forced to take a rest that you should have taken voluntarily.

Anyone who has gone to bed at night mentally tired out and found on the morrow that his mind possessed new strength can understand that the same laws of exertion and relaxation may operate over periods of weeks or months just as they do over hours. Periods of lying fallow are important; as one teacher has put it, "education is an organic process, the mind does not grow by agglutination."

He is wise who takes the off day as a reminder that he needs a day off—who regards rest periods as a part of progress. At the worst, your ebb tide of energy, if accepted philosophically, means only a loss of time; but if you drive yourself when both body and mind remonstrate you will only add to your discouragement and fatigue—and subtract from the ability you might have had the next day.

Particularly when our work calls for the employment of personal magnetism, requiring that we influence others, we should go easy with the off day. Salesmen often lose more than they gain when they ignore their feelings and push a deal when they are in no mood for it. An acquaintance of mine lost out on a deal wherein his commission would have been \$20,000, just because his frayed nerves got the better of him. A burst of irritability, which would never have occurred had he been himself, angered the customer and killed the deal.

Yes, assuredly there are times when the brain will not serve in its usual manner; and to spur ourselves on and on repeatedly, against Nature's warning, gravely endangers both efficiency and health.

Rest a day or two, forget all about the work or study that has tired you, and do something entirely different. Burnham has said that "we tend to become mentally asphyxiated when we live too long amid our own exhalations, even when these are of the highest spiritual quality"; and we certainly "go stale" when we stick too long and too closely to

the daily grind. Get a night or two of all the sleep you can take, making your mind as blank and your body as passive as you can.

Off days so spent will actually re-charge the batteries of your whole organism, will add to your strength and appearance and put verve, snap, and charm into your personality. There is nothing calamitous in an occasional off day; in fact it is the only life-saver some people know. Its only alarming aspect is the one we give it—with our attitude of panic-stricken fear that we are losing valuable time and perhaps all our gifts or aptitudes for the work.

In effect, the off day, when from mental causes, is a slowing up of our ambition and desires in order that our abilities may catch up—a necessary check on over-enthusiasm. We do not immediately become learned or skillful just because we have taken up a study or profession. "We learn in the winter to swim; in the summer to skate"; the subconscious mind takes the materials represented by study, practice, etc., and elaborates them; and this work cannot be rushed, even by enthusiasm.

But off days are not always primarily psychological. I am sure the most frequent cause is physical; our bodily functions are not quite right, or our nervous energy is below normal. I read of a man who smashed a valuable violin to pieces because he could not play up to his usual standard on a certain momentous occasion. He was ill and did not know it.

The sailing cannot all be smooth; no amount of knowledge and precaution can prevent the little ups and downs. Variations are bound to occur; no human being can maintain an exactly even tone of efficiency in anything. When the off day comes, and vitality, hope, etc., appear to have fled in the night; when nothing seems worth while and all past effort seems to have been wasted—drop the strenuous part of the work, take things easy for a day or two, but remain cheerful. In a few days vigor and ambition will return, and then work should be resumed.

Take the philosophical viewpoint. Reduce the unproductive periods as much as you can—by proper care of the machinery, physical and mental; but when such times come, accept the inevitable with a smile; do not injure your disposition and lessen your efficiency for tomorrow by worrying over the idleness of today. There is a law of averages constantly active in your work; nervous energy is a variable quality, and days will come when your ability seems doubled. We get the "ups" as well as the "downs"; and without a contrasting shadow the sunshine would not be so bright.



# YESTERDAYS

of a

# MONK

by *EUGENE SPIESS, O.S.B.*



IT IS the duty of every priest to hold as strictly and sacredly confidential many happenings that occur when he enters a home, called there to administer the sacraments to a sick or dying person. However, in the life of every priest much happens on such occasions that has no bearing either on the sick person or the family concerned. At times occurrences are of such a public nature as to be known to persons other than members of the families in question. Of such as these, then, a priest may write if the information be of edification to the public at large.

I shall pass over my first sick call, which was before my ordination to the priesthood, when I was asked to minister to a sick child on board a ship bound for Europe. The eight-year-old girl was not a Catholic, but it was my privilege to baptize her shortly before death claimed the little one.

I shall also merely mention that an unusual phenomenon accompanied my first sick call as a priest, for on my way back from the bedside I was dozing in my small carriage when I was suddenly awakened to find my horse shying at a brilliant light which illumined the country side,

though it was still deep night. A loud report restored darkness. A meteor had fallen and exploded in a near-by field.

But still a stranger occurrence marked a later call. While engaged at Asper College, a commercial school conducted by the Fathers of St. Meinrad, I was asked by one of my confreres, an elderly priest, to come to his parish and substitute for him during his brief absence. School had closed for the summer months, leaving me free to do his parish work for him.

While I was stationed at this country parish, the house-keeper, who knew more about horses than I did, hitched up the pastor's horse for me and I set out for a neighboring parish to visit the priest there. The visit was a pleasant one and it was not hard for the Father to persuade me to stay for supper. I objected that it was growing dark and that I knew little of the roads, mostly in wooded areas.

"I know your horse, Father," the priest said. "Just give him the lines freely and he will get you home safely. The horse knows his way back to the stable."

The night was a beautiful one with a June sky, but there is little

light in thickly wooded lands. Suddenly I noticed that the horse was entering an old covered bridge. In those days many a bridge seen in rural districts had a roof over them. The constant fear that I was on the wrong road and that the horse might not find his way harassed me. Suddenly as I crossed the bridge, from somewhere in the skies, it seemed, to the left of the bridge, I heard what sounded like a high soprano voice calling me by name. I was so nervous and excited that it was impossible to say whether it was my imagination or a real voice. After a moment's thought, I decided that my imagination had played a trick on me and that what I heard was really the rubbing and squeaking of the buggy wheels. But the idea persisted that possibly someone was in need of help and that my slow horse in an unknown and dark woodland would have to be hurried along.

In the darkness I spied just ahead of me an embankment. We were approaching a fork in the road and I hoped the horse knew which way to take. He turned left and continued without hesitation. I was sure we were taking the wrong direction—so sure that I with difficulty turned the

# EIRE ON THE SPOT

H. C. McGinnis

EIRE, with its eye-teeth scarcely cut, already stands between the devil and the deep blue sea. After seven hundred years of almost every persecution in the catalog, the Irish ask nothing more than an era of peace in which to achieve the destiny of the country the world knows as "the land of saints and scholars." But it seems such is not to be. Today Irish leaders are faced with problems which dwarf those of recent years. Irish leaders realize that Hitler may attack Britain through Ireland. They know he has done the unexpected in every campaign so far and their native perspicacity tells them he can be expected to try it again. Hitler took the Maginot Line from behind and, knowing that Britain's Channel Coast is rapidly being made impregnable, he may decide to forcefully occupy Ireland as a base from which to attack the British on their less fortified western coast. Although Eire's army is a neat little machine, with most of its high officers American trained, it lacks the mechanical equipment now so necessary. Irish strategists also realize that proper defense is extremely difficult because of the two governments occupying the island. The British have offered to take over Eire's defense; but the Irish know from centuries of bitter

experience that Britain is always long on promises during emergencies but mighty short on fulfillments afterwards. So Eire has maintained a strict neutrality and is preparing to repel invasion by either side.

Hitler has failed signally in trying to win Eire by Fifth Column propaganda. His announced intention of creating a Celtic State built around Eire and otherwise composed of Ulster, Wales, Highland Scots, and the Bretons of northwestern France, evidently doesn't appeal to Eire. Eire, being more than ninety percent loyal Catholics, wants no subservience to a man who writes his own Bible and puts himself ahead of God. Hitler's Fifth Column attempts in Eire and his desire to dominate the Irish after his contemplated victory show his crying ignorance of Eire and the Irish. Any people whose only response to seven hundred years of defeats in freedom's cause is a fiercer and still fiercer battle for their rights would scarcely be conducive to a conqueror's peaceful sleep. Hitler just doesn't understand that the Irish never quit fighting for a cause until the victory is gained or else Eternity pulls down the shade on man's activities. Then, too, Der Fuehrer wrongly judges the Irish Republican

Army. The I. R. A., while called revolutionary, does not desire the overthrow of the Eire government but, intensely idealistic and patriotic, is not satisfied with the present status of Ireland. The I.R.A. suspects the separation of Ulster from Eire to be a British trick—played the medium of insidious propaganda—to keep the Irish disunited and at odds with each other, thus weakening the new republic. But it is extremely doubtful if a Quisler can be found in the I.R.A. ranks.

But no matter which way Eire turns, she faces a serious dilemma. Already what appears to be a softening-up process by Hitler has commenced. Irish ships have been bombed, Irish towns are attacked from the air, the invasion of Ireland will have begun. As to the result, no one dares to predict; but Eire's American sympathies can be sure the Irish will fight with the unsurpassed courage of their race. Hitler's Nazis have no doubt faced many unusual conditions in the countries they have invaded, but a real surprise awaits them in Eire. When they feel the shillelahs and stop the "Irish Confetti" of the Finnigans, the Flanagan's, the McGuire's, the O'Tooles, the Murphys, and the Sullivans, they will learn what the "blitz" in blitz-krieg really means.

horse back and made him take the road to the right. This error in judgment on my part was due, I feel certain, to the fright given me on the bridge, but it turned out to be providential. Unmistakably I could hear softly the recitation of the Hail Mary in German. And this I knew was no imagination. It was real. I tapped the horse to make him move faster, though I was still perplexed as to our whereabouts.

Suddenly I saw a light in the woods. It was evidently a lamp or a burning candle, seen through the open door of a farmhouse back here

in the woods. The "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" could be heard plainly by this time, and it was apparent that the prayers were coming from that house. Someone seemed to be in peril.

I leaped from the buggy and led the horse towards the fence surrounding the cottage, and there I met a young man carrying a lantern. "Father," he said, "you came in a hurry. I just returned from town. The house-keeper informed me that you were away but soon to return."

"Is there someone dying here?" I asked.

"Yes, my mother," the young man replied.

"Hitch up a fast horse while I hear your mother's confession. Then take me to town so that I may get the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils." I heard the woman's confession and was able to return and assist her in her dying moments—a thing I am sure I could never have done but for the nervous fright on the bridge that caused me to turn the wrong way. Chance? Perhaps, but I prefer to think the woman's guardian angel was at work.

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